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THE MEUSE, THE MOSELLE,

AND

THE RHINE;

OR,

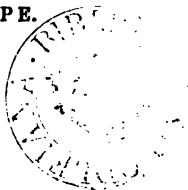
A SIX WEEKS' TOUR

THROUGH THE FINEST RIVER SCENERY

IN EUROPE.

BY

B. S., Esq., (BARRISTER AT LAW.)



LONDON:

T. C. NEWBY, 72, MORTIMER STREET, CAVENDISH Sq.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE only routes hitherto taken by the very considerable number of English travellers, who every summer go up the Rhine, and sojourn for more or less time at the various German Spas and Watering places, or prolong their journey into Switzerland and Italy, are those by Ostend, Liege, Aix-la-chapelle, to Cologne; or by the Antwerp and Rotterdam Steamers, which correspond with those on the Rhine. Neither of these routes presents much attraction, so far as scenery is concerned. Nothing can be well imagined more flat, unvaried, triste, and unpicturesque, than the country through which the Railroad passes from Ostend to Liege. Thence to Cologne by Aix-la-Chapelle, though the surface of the country is somewhat more varied, the soil richer and more carefully cultivated, the scenery scarcely rises above tameness. The prospects

seen from the deck of the Antwerp and Rotterdam Steamers are still more monotonous, uninteresting, and wearisome. Those travellers who pursue either of these routes for the first time must find them insupportably tedious, but how "dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable," must they appear to the great number of families and parties from England who traverse them regularly every year, in their emigrations to Germany, to explore the beauties of the scenery on the Rhine, or seek for pleasure or health in one or other of the delightful watering places in its vicinity.

Henceforth, however, it will be the traveller's own fault if he prefer a route devoid of attraction to one that offers within the space of three or four days travelling, a triple panorama of the most varied, beautiful, wild and imposing scenery in Europe; and for its almost unbroken continuance unequalled, perhaps in the world. The preference of this picture to that is now placed at the traveller's option, by a regularly established communication by iron steamers on the river Moselle between Treves and Coblenz. Until the year 1841 but few persons chose this route to the Rhine, in consequence of the difficulties and delays, that frequently awaited them in descending the Moselle, from the little depth of its waters in many places after any continuance of dry weather, and the too heavy draft of the first steamers that had been launched upon it. But since the summer of 1841,

the old, ill adapted vessels have been superseded by more commodious and lighter iron steamers of considerably less draft, which make the passage regularly and without interruption. In the month of October last the writer of the present tour ascended the Moselle from Coblenz to Treves, after several weeks of dry weather, in one of these new steamers, having a great number of passengers and some carriages on board, without interruption or difficulty of any kind.

This way of reaching the Rhine from England possesses so many and incontestably superior advantages, and inducements over that by Rotterdam or Aix-la-chapelle, that it must, when better known, become the highway for all travellers from England, unless those who have the misfortune of being blind, or having eyes, know not how to make the best use of them. By taking the Moselle route to the Rhine, the traveller will be enabled to see not only a greater variety of beautiful and imposing scenery, at a much less cost, of time, money and fatigue than he could in any other excursion, but he will also enjoy the advantage of beholding some of the most interesting remains of Roman architecture existing north of the Alps, and which are to be found in and about the City of Treves, the oldest town in Germany, whose foundations, according to some antiquarians, are many years anterior to those of Rome itself. But whether this claim to seniority be well founded or not, of one

fact there is no doubt, namely, that in no other city of Germany are to be seen so many and so remarkable vestiges of the stupendous architectural works of the Romans, as in Treves. To inspect these imposing relics of the once masters of the world, and to pursue through the most part of their course, the three rivers in Europe (the Meuse, the Moselle, and the Rhine), most renowned for beauty of scenery of the most diversified character, and to visit Liege, Namur, Luxembourg, Coblentz, Treves, Aix-la-chapelle, Cologne, Mentz, Frankfort, Wiesbaden and others of the most frequented and fashionable German watering places, may be accomplished within the short period of three weeks, and at an expence from which the most moderate means need not shrink. This will be demonstrated from the following statement.

The time actually passed aboard steamers, on railroads and in diligences during this excursion will not much exceed 80 hours or about $3\frac{1}{2}$ days. As the delay which may be made in each of the principal towns on the route must be regulated by the individual taste of the traveller, the time he has to spare, and the money he may be willing to spend on the excursion, no general rule for the duration of the trip can be positively laid down, but an approximate idea of it may be formed after the following manner. At Ostend there is nothing remarkable to see, but as the steamer arrives about 1 o'clock in the morning,

it is scarcely possible for the traveller to get away before noon the next day, a delay therefore of some ten or twelve hours must here be submitted to. At Liege which is reached by railroad in seven or eight hours, a day will be sufficient to visit the principal churches and other objects of interest. A half day at Namur will suffice for the same purpose. As Luxembourg possesses nothing worth seeing but its stupendous fortifications, the best view of which is had from the road as you approach it, and as there is not a tolerable inn in the place, the shorter stay made there the better. At Treves two days may be very delightfully passed, one in visiting the churches, several of which are remarkable for their architecture and the monuments and relics they contain, and the other in inspecting the Roman antiquities in and near the city. Coblenz is situated in the midst of scenery so celebrated, and there are so many romantic spots and feudal ruins within short distances of it, that it would be advisable for the traveller, not pressed for time, to make it his head quarters for a week or ten days. To those who cannot spare so much time a couple of days will suffice to see the principal objects of interest in the city and its immediate vicinity. As with the exception of the hot springs, the Kur-saal or public rooms and gardens, and the *Die Platte*, a hunting lodge of the duke of Nassau, a few miles distant on an eminence commanding a most extensive



and magnificent prospect, there is nothing of peculiar interest at Wiesbaden, a day's stay will be found to suit the mere passing traveller's purpose. From Wiesbaden, Frankfort may be reached in an hour and a half by railroad. The traveller however should take his place only for the station of Castel, about one third of the way from Wiesbaden, and there cross the bridge of boats connecting it with the interesting and beautifully situated town of Mentz or Mayence. Here a day or two may be very agreeably passed in visiting its churches and other objects of curiosity, and beholding from a rising ground at one end of the town a varied, luxuriant and extensive prospect up and down the Rhine, and the confluence of that noble river with the Main, which takes place opposite the eminence on which the spectator stands. A sojourn of two days in Frankfort will be sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the great majority of travellers. By leaving Frankfort on the third morning for Wiesbaden you can take the Schnel post for Schwalbach, where it arrives a little after noon. The remainder of the day will enable the traveller to visit the different mineral springs and charming promenades of that delightful watering place. The following day should be devoted to an excursion to another not less celebrated, and more romantically situated watering place, Schlangenbad, where rise the famous serpent and beauty-giving spring.

At noon on the third day by taking the same Schnel post that brought the traveller from Wiesbaden, he will be conveyed in a few hours by the towns of Dietz and Nassau and through the loveliest scenery in the duchy of Nassau to the fashionable watering place Ems, the favourite resort in the bathing season of kings and keyzars, princes and other minor magnates, nobility of all grades and numbers of the upper ranks of the middling classes. The next day will be sufficient to see the town, its springs, Kursaal and the neighbouring scenery. A short drive of three hours the next morning along the picturesque banks of the Lahn brings the travellers to Coblentz, whence steamers start several times in the day for Cologne. By a well apportioned and active employment of his time the traveller may see the principal churches and curiosities of Cologne in one day. By starting by the first train on the recently opened railroad, the next morning, he will find himself in three hours in Aix-la-chapelle and have time during the remainder of the day to visit the famed cathedral and other objects of interest. From Aix-la-chapelle he gets by railway in three hours to Liege, whence in thirty hours the traveller may by railroad and steamer arrive in London.

The time thus spent on this excursion and the fares paid in steamers, on railroads and in diligences, reduced to a tabular form will be as follows:—

	Hours	Fare in Chief Cabin
From London to Ostend by Steamer .	18	£1 10
Stay at Ostend	12	
Ostend to Liege by Railroad .	7	0 8
Stay at Liege	24	
Liege to Namur by steamer on		
the Meuse	5	0 4
Stay at Namur	12	
Namur to Luxembourg by dili-		
gence	24	0 18
Stay at Luxembourg	6	
Luxembourg to Treves	6	0 6
Stay at Treves	48	
Treves to Coblenz by steamer on		
the Moselle	12	0 12
Stay at Coblenz	48	
Coblenz to Wiesbaden by steamer		
on the Rhine	12	0 9
Stay at Wiesbaden	24	
Wiesbaden to Mayence and stay .	24	
Mayence to Francfort and stay .	48	
Railroad from Wiesbaden to		
Frankfort and return		0 5
Frankfort through Wiesbaden		
to Schwalbach	12	0 5
Stay at Schwalbach and		
Schlangenbad	36	
Carried forward .	378	£4 17

	Hours	Fare in Chief Cabin
Brought Forward	. 378	£4 17
Schwalbach to Ems and stay	. 36	0 6
Ems to Cologne by Coblentz	. 24	0 14
Stay at Cologne . . .	. 24	
Cologne to Liege by Aix-la-cha- pelle . . .	. 12	0 10
Stay at Aix-la-chapelle.	. 24	
Liege to London . . .	. 30	1 17

528 hours or 22 days £8 4

The expences of a single traveller, even at the best inns, if he dines at the table d'hôte and drinks the ordinary wine will not be more, servants included, than ten shillings a day, which for 22 days will amount to . . . 11 0

£19 4

So that for about £20, a traveller may set out from London, be absent twenty two days and return thither having passed the interval in the delightful occupation of beholding the most beautiful scenery on the Meuse, the Moselle, and the Rhine, visiting some of the most fashionable watering places in the vicinity of the last mentioned river, viz. Wiesbaden, Schwalbach, Schlangenbad and Ems; inspecting the interesting towns of Liege, Aix-la-chapelle, Cologne, Coblentz, Mayence, and Frankfort, and live

all the while at the best hotels. But if he will devote £25, to the trip, he may prolong its duration by nine or ten days, which will enable him to stay a sufficient time at the principal points for all ordinary purposes of curiosity, information or admiration of scenery and antiquities. To all those who are set free, by the long vacation, to wander where they list or who by a few weeks leave of absence, are enabled to escape from the confinement of the public offices or the counting house, what more delightful or rational manner of spending their time or their money can be offered than the above mentioned excursion, combining novelty of sensation, observation of foreign scenery and manners, contemplation of Roman, Gothic, and feudal remains, with a near glance at continental society up to its highest summits. For at the fashionable watering places included within this tour, those travellers who desire to find themselves in the company of titled personages, may indulge abundantly their longing, as at the small expence of a florin, or 1s.8d., the traveller may sit down to a dinner of three courses in company with numbers of the highest nobility, not only of Germany, but of the other nations of the continent, including at times sovereign princes and independent potentates. Nor need he fear that by coming into such close contact with rank and title, he will have his self-love wounded by a repulsive and haughty demeanour, or be kept silent and at a

distance by frigid and aristocratic *morgue*. Whatever otherwise the merits or demerits of the highest classes on the continent may be, they certainly possess one quality, and that a very valuable one, namely urbanity, in a superior degree to that generally exhibited by members of the same class in England. The German, Russian, and other continental nobility, may be equally proud in their hearts of their titles and genealogical quarterings and wealth, but they have at least the good sense and good feeling not to make a parade in public of this very repulsive and unsocial sentiment, nor to wear legibly written on their looks an announcement, that they are persons of high sounding titles, and possessors of thousands a year, and that it is a presumption, not to be thought of, for any one without a title, and possessors merely of a moderate fortune or competency (no matter otherwise what his merits may be) to come between the wind and their nobility. Such preposterous magnificos as these, mere lay figures of pride and pomposity, dressed up and decked out to be stared at by the foolish, but avoided by the wise, are happily seldom to be met with in continental society.

From such exhibitions of sullen and bloated pride, on the part of the noble and titled, and of cringing deference on the part of those less elevated in rank, you are generally free at those watering places on the continent, particularly in Germany, where all ranks

from the middling classes upwards, meet at the same table, and amuse themselves in the same assembly rooms, without any display of overweening arrogance, or, what is still worse, proud and patronizing condescension, by the titled part of the company, or lowly and abashed obsequiousness by the humbler visitors. This however looks very like a digression, so we must turn from it and resume our principal object, the guiding of those, who, impressed by our statement of the signal advantages of making for the Rhine by the yet but little frequented route of the Moselle, shall have resolved to undertake that excursion.

Supposing then all requisite preparations made, the tourist starts from London, on the morning of the 1st of August, for Ostend, where he will arrive that night and the next morning take his place in one of the *char à banc* of the railroad train for Liege. In about half an hour the train reaches the station outside Bruges, where it stops for a few minutes, sufficient to allow the eye taking in a general idea of the extent of that old and interesting city, with its numerous and lofty spires, and gothic and curiously ornamented towers. In like manner the train stops, for a brief space opposite Ghent, Mechlin, (Malines) the common centre or converging point of all the Belgian railroads, Louvain, &c. From the station near Louvain the traveller catches a very striking view of the celebrated Hotel de ville of that city, one of the most

beautiful and elaborately adorned gothic buildings in the world. Its construction was completed in the year 1463. The ravages, made by time and the elements on its external sculpture and delicate traceries, have been recently repaired in a very clever manner, at the joint-expence of the town and the Government. So that it is now as complete and undefaced as when first finished.

Seven or eight hours after quitting Ostend the traveller finds himself in Liege. This city, situated at the confluence of the Meuse and the Ourthe, which has a population of about 60,000 inhabitants, (in the 15th century it had 150,000) is the chief manufacturing (principally in the iron way) and most thriving town in Belgium, of which it may be called the Birmingham, and like its namesake, it lies under a canopy of smoke, has a thick and murky atmosphere, dingy houses and dirty streets, while the faces of its working classes are begrimed with the vapour of coals and dust. The chief article of manufacture are fire arms and other warlike weapons, which if not so good as those of England, are much cheaper, consequently large quantities of them are annually exported to Turkey, Egypt, Armenia, Germany, Spain and Italy. In the year 1836 the amount of the exports was seven millions of francs, or £280,000. There is also a royal cannon foundry at Liege.

Amongst the public buildings worth seeing are the

Palais de Justice and two or three of the churches. The *Palais de Justice*, which was built in 1533, by the cardinal bishop and prince Errarde de la Marck, consists of two quadrangular courts, having vaulted galleries or arcades running round them, which are supported by stunted columns of a candelabra-like form, and covered with a varied profusion of arabesques. Though the style is in bad taste, the effect is somewhat striking, and reminds one of the court of the Doge's palace at Venice. The magistrates are much to blame to allow this, one of their most curious architectural monuments, to remain in such a neglected state. The pavement in many places is broken up and filled with foul water or garbage. Under the arcades are established a number of unseemly booths or sheds for the sale of various small wares, vegetables, butcher's offal, &c., so that the sight and the smell are both offended whilst visiting this once magnificent residence of the haughty prince bishops of Liege.

The chief architectural attraction of Liege, however, is the church of St. Jacques, which exhibits a very striking and elegant specimen of the florid gothic, blended with the fantastic and varied and almost coquettish ornaments of the Arabic style. The foundation of this edifice dates back as far as the year 1014, and the reign of Henry II, Emperor of Germany. There are few perhaps more brilliant, more gay (if such a word can be applicable to a church) interiors

of a religious edifice, than the view up the long aisle presents. The slender and fluted pillars that spring high in air support a lozenged roof, glowing with bright blue and other lively colours, are surrounded at all their angles and "covgns of vantage" with medallions, infamed within the most ornate tracery, of prophets, saints, bishops, abbesses, and other holy and historical personages, with the verses from Scripture in golden gothic characters, inscribed under those among them belonging to the Old Testament. The whole is lighted by several vast windows of stained glass, gracefully mullioned, and glowing with all the rich colours of the clouds at sunset.

There are a few other churches in Liege that may interest the architect or antiquarian, but which to most other travellers, after seeing St. Jaques, would appear tame and uninteresting. The University is a large handsome building, built in 1817. Its museum is chiefly remarkable for a large collection of fossil bones, collected from the numerous caverns that are found in the district of Liege and some of the contiguous provinces.

The Hotel de ville is one of comparatively modern date, its construction having been commenced in 1714. It has nothing very striking to recommend it. Those who have sound lungs and fear not to toil up the rugged ascent of a very steep hill, will be rewarded by the view from the citadel, of the city spread

out like a map beneath them, and of a very wide and varied range of country.

Those who recollect the well wrought descriptions and vivid scenes detailed, with such apparent accuracy, in Quentin Durward, will in vain attempt to recognize them in Liege and its environs. The greater number of them existed only in the imagination of the great romancer. Sir Walter Scott never even passed through Liege, so that his localities are for the most part suppositious.

The traveller having satisfied his curiosity as to Liege, should take the steamer on the Meuse, which will in a few hours convey him through a succession of very picturesque scenery to Namur. It is here that begins that long extended panorama, or rather series of three panoramas, exhibiting in succession and continually encreasing beauty and interest, the most remarkable, imposing and varied specimens of river scenery to be found in Europe, or perhaps in the whole world. It would seem as if Nature had, with more than an ordinary spirit of order, symmetry and due succession, laid out this rich and varying banquet for the lovers of fine scenery, taking care like a skilful master of a feast, that the most stimulating and exquisite viands and choicest wines should not be brought in at first, but that the guests' palates might be gradually flattered and excited in passing from the simply agreeable dishes, through all the refinements of the culinary



art, until the *faisant truffé* and the imperial tokay should close the crowning honours of the feast. This splendid banquet of three courses, commencing with the narrow and gently flowing (in comparison with its successors) river Meuse, which as the traveller ascends it from Liege to Namur and Dinant, offers on both sides a continually changing assemblage of picturesque and beautiful scenery. At times the stream is walled in on both banks by towering and almost perpendicular piles of rock, whose broken and crenelated summits, assume to the eye, the forms of gigantic fortresses and vast feudal castles in ruins. As these rocks contain a large proportion of iron ore, the deep dark rusty hues brought out upon them by the action of the air and the rain, give them a peculiarly sombre and time-worn character, which is admirably contrasted by the soft verdure of the trees and the bright green of the meadows, hop grounds, and gardens, in the vicinity. It is this striking contrast that forms the great charm of the scenery of the Meuse; for nothing can be more sombre or severe than the aspect of these rocks, nor more gay, sparkling and cheerful than the blooming orchards, trim gardens, and enamelled meadows, that lie adjacent to them.

The second course of this luxurious feast of Nature's providing is furnished by the Moselle, in its downward progress from Treves to Coblenz. The fare now set before the guest is of a richer, higher

flavoured and more exciting quality. The Moselle, a much wider, more rapid and more capricious river, rushes along partly through scarped and rugged mountains; and partly through lesser and more beautifully shaped hills, on the tops of which wave dark green forests, and whose sides are hung with luxuriant clustering vineyards, every prominent point bristling with the remains of a dismantled fortress, or crowned with the ruins of a feudal castle, or robbers' stronghold; while on the lesser eminences, and in the warm and sheltered coves and glens that open inward from the river, are large and gay looking towns, romantic villages, or secluded and picturesque hamlets.

At times, the river, pent in between closely approaching mountains, or huge piles of impending rocks, bounds and curvets along like a spirited and spur-urged horse, whilst at others, as if attracted by the beauty of a less rugged and hilly region, through which its course lies, it seems to linger on the way, and spread itself out into the expanse of a lake, reflecting, and adding loveliness to a combination of scenery that it is in vain to essay, by words, to give any adequate idea of. In one peculiarity the Moselle surpasses all the other rivers of Europe, and that is the extraordinary capricious and almost incredible windings, involutions, turnings and returnings upon itself in which it indulges.

To convey some idea of its peculiarity in this

respect, I am tempted to make use of a rather violent metaphor or illustration, and request my readers to imagine the river to have been once an antediluvian serpent, of many leagues in length, which was surprised amidst the closely surrounding volcanic heights, when all their craters were in full eruption, and their torrents of lava flowing into the valley where it lay. Let them then suppose the huge reptile thus scorched and tortured to madness, turning and twisting and wriggling in all the fantastic and frightful writhings of intense pain, its enormous length now coiled up into a thousand evolutions and foldings upon itself, the head almost doubled back upon the tail, in the agonies of death, and now partially stretched out in the exhaustion from too intense suffering. Such is the bizarre and infinitely intricate figure which this river would present to the eye, if seen from a balloon at one glance throughout its course from Treves to Coblenz. As an instance of this extraordinary winding of the Moselle it may be stated that the traveller, at one point of the descent, finds himself gliding under the ruins of Marienberg, and two hours afterwards is not a little surprised on looking up to behold the same ruins under which he is again passing, but on the other side of them.

We are now come to the third course of that profuse and sumptuous feast, to which we have invited our readers. That course, the last and crowning

one, consists of the Rhine, "that ever exulting and abounding river." But here we pause—for so much has been said, sung, and scribbled, about the Rhine, it has been so betoured, bepoetized, bepainted, and belegended, that it would be now presumption, if not folly, to attempt, at this eleventh hour, an elaborate eulogium of it. Trusting therefore to our readers' recollections we shall simply state, that, as compared with the Moselle, its stream is broader, at certain places more rapid, some of its enclosing mountains loftier and more imposing in form, its existing or dismantled fortresses more vast and striking, its feudal ruins more numerous perhaps, and in some instances perched on more precipitous and inaccessible heights, its vine-covered hills spread over a wider expanse, its cities, towns, and villages, in greater number, and some of the two former more renowned and flourishing, and its historical associations more abundant and interesting. In all these points it claims, and justly, a superiority over the Moselle. But as respects its pretensions to greater variety and beauty of scenery, than the Moselle, we hesitate to speak so positively. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? And many have already differed upon this question. We shall say no more at present than state, that amongst a numerous company on board the steamer in which we last ascended the Moselle, of whom several were intelligent travellers, who had frequently visited the

Rhine, the palm of beauty was almost unanimously adjudged to the Moselle. Nor was this opinion unsupported by very plausible reasons, deduced from the greater variety and almost uninterrupted continuity of its exquisite scenery along the entire of its course and on both banks, between Treves and Coblenz; from the more romantic sites and less modern and flaunting air of many of its towns, and probably from the more poetical and less hacknied impressions made on the mind by its more wild and solitary character, as it is a much less frequented stream, either for purposes of pleasure or profit, than the Rhine, and unlike that river, its waters are not covered with innumerable trading vessels, timber rafts, passage boats, and other craft; or eternally ploughed by gay, gaudy and densely crowded steamers, reminding one of the common cares of life, commerce and cockney land.

CHAPTER II.

HAVING thus endeavoured, however imperfectly, to convey a general idea of the scenic character of the three rivers that form the triple panorama presented by our route, we shall now return to our last starting point, Liege, and point out more in detail whatever may interest the traveller.

Shortly after quitting Liege in the steamer that

plies between that town and Namur, the traveller sees on the left hand *Serainge*, formerly the palace of the prince bishops of Liege, but now the largest manufacturing establishment in the world, founded by an Englishman, the late Mr. Cockerill, who might not inaptly be called the Napoleon of commerce, for like his great prototype, his ambition knew no bounds, and his spirit of enterprise was not to be satiated. Besides the colossal establishment of *Serainge*, he was said to be engaged, either as sole owner or partner, in upwards of eighty vast and important commercial or manufacturing undertakings. But like Napoleon, the inordinate passion of Mr. Cockerill for doing too much, grasping more than his hands could hold, or his head could manage, led to disasters, and for some years previous to his death, his complicated affairs became so deranged, that the Belgian government had to come to his aid, and *Serainge* and others of his vast concerns, were placed under the management of trustees charged with carrying them on more or less extensively for the benefit of the creditors.

The public are no longer permitted to visit the establishment of *Serainge*. The following extract from a former tourist will convey some idea of its vastness and resources.

‘The original edifice was of considerable size, but it has been extended to thrice its former dimensions in order to fit it for its present destination. The vast

pile of building forms a little town of itself; iron and coal are extracted from mines within its walls, which also enclose a canal and railroad leading down to the river, numerous furnaces where the iron is melted, and forges where it is wrought into articles of all sorts, from pen-knives up to steam-engines, inferior only to those made in England, and spinning machinery nearly as good, and much cheaper than the English. The establishment also includes a cotton factory, and a cannon foundry. The Lion on the field of Waterloo was cast here."

"In 1836, 3000 workmen were constantly employed at Serainge, in addition to steam engines equivalent to 800 horse power."

Between Serainge and Huy is situated on the right bank the ancient Abbey of Val St. Lambert, whose extensive halls, refectories and chapel, now contain, instead of solemn groups of long robed monks, a dingy and busy crowd of half naked spectre-like furnace men, glass blowers, and other workmen employed in the extensive glass works now carried on within the precincts of the deserted monastery. Further on, on the same side are two ancient chateaux called *La Grande et la Petite Flamelle* and near to Huy on the left bank stands, on a commanding and most perilous looking site, the castle of Chokier, a very remarkable and imposing object; for perched as it is upon a lofty rock in the form of a reversed pyramid, it seems

impending over the stream and threatening to topple down upon the heads of the spectators with all its bastions, towers, and crenelated walls. Between this and Huy are seen the modern and handsome chateau of Hermalle on the left, and on the right the venerable old mansion houses of Aigremont, Warfusee, and Flosne, and a little further on, on the opposite bank of the river the wide spread and highly ornamented demesne of Neuwall with its vast and elegant mansion.

At the distance of six leagues from Liege and five from Namur, stands the imposing fortress of Huy, (pronounced we) according to some antiquaries this town dates its origin so far back as the year 148, when the Emperor Antoninus struck with admiration by the luxuriant and smiling valley, in which it lies, enclosed within a frame, as it may be said, of rugged and almost inaccessible rocks, laid its foundations. The castle, from its commanding position, a great object of contention, was taken and retaken, numberless times during the civil wars that so long devastated the country. Since 1815 it has been repaired, augmented and put in the most formidable state of defence, according to the latest improvements in the art of fortification, and under the direction of the most skilful Engineers. A great portion of the works have been hewn out of the solid rock, and towering walls of massive masonry superadded to the precipices

upon which it stands to render it impregnable. Under the government of the prince bishop of Liege Huy could boast of fifteen churches, and a still greater number of monasteries and convents, of which, with the exception of the cathedral, only the ruins are now to be seen. Amongst the monasteries was the celebrated one of Neufmoustier, founded by Peter the Hermit, the preacher of the Crusades. The interior of the cathedral, with its graceful Gothic tracery, is worthy of inspection. The present population of Huy is between seven and eight thousand.

The principal town on the Meuse, between Huy and Namur, is Andennes, a place of very ancient origin, as it was celebrated, as early as the seventh century, for the possession of a monastery, founded by Saint Begge, the daughter of Pepin de Lauden, which was destroyed about one hundred years afterwards by the Normans. It is now only remarkable for an extensive paper mill, erected by the late Mr. Cockerill, and its manufactories of pipes, porcelain, and earthenware. In the neighbourhood are abundant quarries of marble, and mines of coal, lead, and iron, the latter are said to be the richest in Belgium. The population is about 4000.

From Andennes to Namur the scenery continues to present the same pleasing variety of lofty, abrupt and sombre-tinted rocks, overhanging the bed of the river, the severe character of which is relieved and contrasted

by the carefully cultivated country around, with its rich corn fields, flourishing hop gardens, and luxuriant meadows, thickly studded with small towns and populous villages.

The first view of Namur as seen from the deck of the steamer is very striking. At the extremity of a long and wide sweep of the river, which there assumes a lake like form, the town occupies an advantageous position, crowned and protected by its lofty citadel, commanding the two rivers, the Meuse, and the Sambre, which there unite and form but one. Namur, the population of which is 20,000, is celebrated for its cutlery, a manufacture carried on on a very large scale there, the cheapness and comparative goodness of which, have obtained for the town the name of the Sheffield of Belgium. But though superior to the French in this branch of industry, Namur is still very far behind its English Homonyme Sheffield, if not in the cheapness, certainly in the temper, finish and general excellence of its cutlery. The town possesses but few objects of sufficient interest to detain the traveller unless he should still have vividly in his recollection the life-like fictions of the inimitable Sterne in his *Tristram Shandy*; if so, he will not fail to visit the Port St. Nicholas, near to which my uncle Toby received that wound which was the cause of so much sympathy and embarrassment to the fair Widow Wadman. It was at the taking

of Namur in 1695, by William III, from Louis XIV, that my Uncle Toby was supposed to have been wounded.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. Aubin, is a comparatively recent structure, the building of which was finished so late as 1767. Its architecture is chiefly Corinthian, and taken in its ensemble, it may probably be considered one of the handsomest modern churches in Belgium. The most interesting monument in this edifice is the tomb of Don John of Austria, the conqueror in the great naval engagement of Lepanto, in which Cervantes, the immortal author of *Don Quixote*, lost an arm. Don John died at Bouges, a village about a mile from Namur, in the year 1571, according to some authorities his death was the effect of poison, administered by the orders of his brother, the jealous and gloomy tyrant Philip II of Spain.

The church of St. Loup, erected by the Jesuits in the first years of the seventeenth century, is in a different and more ornate style. The latter quality pushed perhaps to excess, as there is too great a profusion of gilding and gaudy colours to suit the grave character of a place of worship. The stone roof is worthy of notice from the multiplied and elaborately finished arabesques with which it is entirely sculptured over, and which were executed by a brother of the order, who had to work at them lying on his back, on a scaffolding suspended near the roof for that pur-

pose, and with spectacles or rather goggles on his eyes to shield them from the falling particles of stone, during the tedious operation.

Before quitting Namur the traveller should toil up the lofty heights upon which the citadel is seated, from which he will command an enchanting prospect, up the river towards Dinant, where the scenery has a still more marked character of the wild and picturesque, than that below Namur.

The principal inn at Namur, is the Hotel Harscamp, a good one, but rather high in its charges, and the attendants not sinning on the side of too much civility. There are two smaller establishments. The *Hotels de Flandre* and *Belle Vue*.

From Namur to Luxemburg is about twenty four hours journey (122 English miles) by diligence, along a good and recently constructed road. Those travellers on whose minds that loveliest of all pastoral poems, the "As You like it" of Shakespere, has left an ineffaceable impression, should make a halt at the pretty little town of La Marche, about thirty miles from Namur, and stroll into the neighbouring woods, where they will find themselves in the true and veritable "forest of Arden," the sylvan beauty of which, its sun lighted glades, verdurous glooms, dim retreating vistas, and cool secluded shades, render it worthy of having given refuge and shelter to the "banished duke and his comates in exile," and of having wit-

nessed the love making of Orlando and Rosalind, the philosophical musings of the melancholy Jaques, and the quaint drolleries and crack-brained quips of the infinitely facetious Touchstone.

Though the traveller may pass under

——“Oaks whose boughs are mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity.”

he will not now see under them, as Orlando did, “a green and gilded snake,” or “lioness with udders all drawn dry,” but he may still meet with a rather ugly customer—a wild boar or—“a poor sequestered stag,

“That from the hunter’s arm hath ta’en a hurt.”

for this is a place of high hunting, and sylvan sport, being under the immediate and special protection of Saint Hubert the great patron of Venery.

The much venerated relics of this sainted Nimrod, are still preserved in a church belonging to an ancient convent of Benedictines, situated, as well as the little town of St. Hubert, in the depth of woods, that have a circumference of forty miles. According to the Legend of St. Hubert, an account of which we find in a former tourist, “the saint was once a dissolute prince, who amongst other profane acts, was guilty of that of hunting on Sundays. He even did not hold sacred the holy festival of Good Friday; but while engaged in his favourite diversion on that day, a stag suddenly presented itself to him, bearing a cross growing between its horns. The apparition, which

he believed to be miraculous, and to be sent from heaven, recalled him from his evil mode of life. Renouncing equally his vices and his pleasures, he passed the rest of his days in penance, and in prayer; and devoting his fortune to the church, acquired such a degree of sanctity as to work miracles, not merely by his hands but by his garments, so that even a shred of his mantle possessed virtue enough to cure hydrophobia if placed on the patient's head."

The church of St. Hubert, which lies as already stated in the midst of the forest, is resorted to by great numbers of pilgrims and others, who flock thither to get cured of the bites of mad dogs and other animals. After a number of prescribed ceremonies in honour of, and prayers to, the saint, the patients undergo a certain treatment, which it is asserted and believed in the country, has never yet been unsuccessful. In former times a hospital under the direction and personal care of the monks was attached to the convent, in which all applicants were received, lodged, fed, and provided with medicine. This establishment was supported by alms collected in the counties of Namur and Liege, and in the kingdom of France. As a testimony of gratitude for the permission to collect those alms in France, the abbot of St. Hubert made an annual present to his most christian majesty of three couple of hunting dogs and six falcons.

The only other place of any importance before



reaching Luxembourg is Arlon the chief town of the Belgian portion of the province of Luxembourg. Some fragments of ancient monuments and statues, Roman coins and inscriptions, discovered from time to time, in and near it, attest its antiquity, and seem to justify the supposition of its having been the Roman station mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus under the name of *Orolanum*. It is a rapidly encreasing town and now numbers 6000 inhabitants, who speak a most uncouth and mingled jargon of bad French and worse German.

As the traveller comes abruptly and without any previous or far off view within sight of Luxembourg, he must be struck with surprise and admiration at the vast extent and bold and impregnable aspect of this fortress, one of the strongest in Europe. Built on the unequal and broken summits of a series of sheer precipices, at the foot of which flows the little river Alzette whose murmur can scarcely be heard so high, it seems as inaccessible as a castle in the air, and its tremendous drawbridges suspended at a dizzy height above the heads of the spectators, seem to lead from one cloud to another, instead of offering a passage between the several divisions of a solid structure of masonry and living rock.

On the less escarped side of the huge pile of rocks on which it is perched, and fronting the river Alzette, there are between the lower and upper town, several

tiers of terraces laid out in trim gardens, and blooming parterres, with little gay and fancifully constructed and ornamented habitations, the rural retreats of the richer citizens, that by their cheerful appearance, in the midst of flowers and verdure, form a piquant contrast with the frowning precipices and stupendous fortifications, bristling with cannon, that surmount and overshadow them.

So steep is the ascent from the lower to the upper town that it is only achieved by successive flights of steps for pedestrians, and by a continually winding and zigzag road for carriages and horses. A great portion of the works have been excavated in the solid rock; particularly in the most remarkable part of the fortification called *Le Bouc*, the casemates of which entirely hewn in the solid rock, are sufficient to shelter 4000 men. They will remind the military traveller of those of Gibraltar. These formidable works of defence once glanced at and admired, the traveller has beheld all that is worth seeing in Luxembourg, for not another single object of interest remains to reward his curiosity. The town itself is one of the dullest and most common place it is possible to imagine, and the inns are of the very worst description. The chief manufacture is one of gloves, which is carried on to a large extent, and gives employment to several hundreds of women and girls in the town and its vicinity. The manufacturers boast that they export annually

numberless thousands pairs of gloves to Paris, and would fain persuade you that the best Paris gloves are made at Luxembourg. They have one quality certainly of the Paris article; namely, dearness, as you are asked for a pair of gloves at Luxembourg the same price as at the most fashionable shops in the *rue de la Paix*, or *Faubourg St. Honoré* at Paris.

A diligence starts daily from Luxembourg for Treves, where it arrives in about six or seven hours. After quitting Luxembourg the road lies for several leagues through a forest, and offers but few attractions in the way of prospect. It is only on coming to the little river Sure, which divides the Dutch from the Prussian territory, that the scenery again becomes varied and picturesque. There the traveller first catches a glimpse of the Moselle. On arriving at the village of Igel, about six miles from Treves, and situated on the ancient Roman highway, the traveller should, either by stratagem, bribery, persuasion, or even actual force, if he have any the least spark of the enthusiasm of an antiquary, in his composition, get the driver of the diligence to stop a sufficient time to enable him to behold one of the most remarkable remains of antiquity in the country, known by the name of *Igel Saule*, or the monument of Igel, which stands a few paces from the road, on the left hand side as you proceed to Treves. This curious monument is a four-sided pillar, slightly pyramidal in

form, upwards of seventy feet high, fifteen feet in breadth at its base, and twelve in depth. On the side fronting the road, are three colossal human figures, and the remainder of the monument is profusely covered with bas reliefs, and inscriptions, but in so mutilated and ruinous a state, as to baffle nearly all attempts to ascertain positively the date of its erection, or its destination. It has, like the round Towers of Ireland, to repeat the expression of a peasant of that country, served to "puzzle posterity," as many and various have been the conjectures hazarded upon it by antiquarians. Some asserting it to be a memorial of the marriage of Constantine and Helena; others that it was raised to commemorate the birth of Caligula, founding this opinion upon the faint resemblance, in sound, between the name Caligula, and that of the place Igel; while others will have it to be the apotheosis of some member of the Imperial family. However, if an acute and learned antiquarian, Mr. Bower, has read aright, the principal inscription, no doubt would remain upon the subject,* according to his reading of that inscription the monument was erected by two brothers of the name of

* D. (Diis) M. (Manibus.)

T. Secundino Securo et Secundino Aventino et filiis Secundini Securi et Publiae Pagatae Conjugi Secundini Aventini et L. Saccio Modestos et Modesto Macedoni filio ejus. Jul Secundinus Aventinus et Secundinus Securus Parentibus defunctibus et sibi viri heredes posuerunt.

Secundus, partly as a funeral monument for their family, and partly, as would appear from a bas relief representing a nuptial ceremony, (a male and female figure joining hands) to celebrate their sister's marriage. The Secundi belonged to a wealthy and powerful family, and held, as indicated by other sculptures and inscriptions, high situations connected with the provisioning and accoutering of the Roman army. Amongst the bas reliefs one in particular alluding to these functions is a chariot filled with weapons and armour, Mr. Wyttenbach, who has published a treatise on the Roman antiquities in and about Treves, contends, from the style of the architecture, sculpture, &c., that the monument belongs to the age of the Antonines, between the years 140, and 180. Others, amongst whom is Malte-Brun give it a later origin, towards the close of the fourth century.

With whatever degree of doubt or confidence, the traveller may regard these readings and conjectures, he cannot fail being struck with the imposing and melancholy aspect of this solitary column, which, isolated as it is, from all kindred vestiges of magnificence and grandeur, surrounded only by the low-browed huts of poor peasants, and its very destination involved in obscurity, reads a solemn lesson upon the vanity of human wishes, and the abortive attempts of "man, proud man, drest in a little brief authority,"

to perpetuate the memory of his fleeting prosperity, and short lived triumphs.

The first view of Treves is singularly interesting. Situated advantageously on the right bank of the Moselle, in a wide and luxuriant valley, bounded on all sides by lofty and picturesque sloped, and vine covered hills, of which those to the West and East approach to within a quarter of a league of the town, Treves with its numerous towers, and spires of its churches, and convents, the lofty walls of what is called the palace of Constantine, frowning high above the surrounding roofs, and the colossal and ebon black structure of the *Porta Negra*, with its sombre air of remote antiquity, conveys an impression that is not speedily effaced from the memory of the spectator. Every step the visitor takes after entering the town, confirms this impression, as he is made aware, by numberless objects, that he is treading the streets of a town, built in far different and distant times. If credence be given to an inscription *Ante Romam Trevivis stetit Annis Mccc.* upon the front of the Rothe House (the red house formerly the town hall, and now an hotel,) the foundation of Treves was anterior to that of Rome. Whether this be true or not, no doubt can exist but that Treves is by far the oldest city in Germany, or the North of Europe. Julius Cæsar, when he first invaded Gaul (B. C An 58) found Treves the flourishing capital of a powerful nation, the Treviri. The

Emperor Augustus granted it the privilege of having a senate and magistrates of its own. It became afterwards the capital of the first Belgic Gaul, in later times, it was the chosen residence of the emperors Constantinus, Constantine the Great, Julian, Valentinian, Valens, Gratian, and Theodosius, and was considered the second Metropolitan of the empire.

Treves, though immensely curtailed of its original proportions, by the successive ravages, during a long course of ages, of its barbarian, Roman and Christian conquerors, still covers a goodly extent of ground, and contains about sixteen thousand inhabitants. It possesses three or four tolerably good inns, at one of which the Rothe House (Red House) situated in the principal market place, will be found fair accommodations, a good *table d'hôte*, civility and not exorbitant charges.

As the Roman antiquities of the place may possess more novelty for the traveller than the gothic, he had better, probably, begin by visiting the former. The principal and most interesting of these is the *Porta Nigra*, in ancient times called *Porta Martis*, now situated at the Northern extremity of the town, though it is supposed by some, that when built, it occupied a much more central position. This sombre, imposing, and gigantic mass of masonry, apparently intended to serve the double purpose of a gate, and a fortress, is of undoubted Roman origin. According to the

best antiquarian opinions, it dates from the reign of Constantine the Great, in the beginning of the fourth century.

The edifice, which is built of immense blocks of stone, held together by bars of iron, is in the form of a parallelogram, composed of two oblong towers connected by two ranges of galleries, separated from each other by the breadth of the building, which is about twenty four feet. Under each of these galleries, which are two stories high, are two lofty arched gates, which lead into the city. The towers have no doors on the basement story, but there are on the upper stories, arched apertures or windows, like those of the galleries, separated from each other by pillars of the Tuscan order. The length of the building is one hundred and twenty five feet. The towers, one of which has lost its third story, were ninety six feet high, seventy two long, and thirty four wide. In the middle ages this monument was consecrated as a church, and dedicated to Saint Simon.

Within the present enclosure of the city, are the very extensive remains of another Roman edifice, commonly known under the name of *Heidenthurm* (Heathen's tower) by others called the palace of Constantine, though antiquarians are far from being agreed as to its real destination, or original founder. All that remains of this once colossal edifice are portions of the outward western and northern walls,

which now form part of a vast and handsome building, that was formerly the palace of the Electors of Treves, but is now occupied as a barrack. This gigantic elevation, in brick masonry, runs in a strait line the length of two hundred and twenty five feet, and then takes in its northern extremity, a semicircular form. The walls are nearly one hundred feet high. The two corresponding parts of the building which were demolished in 1717, preparatory to the construction of the palace of the Electors, were similar and commensurate with those now standing. Nothing certain is known, as to when this edifice was built, but its bold and simple style, devoid of any ornament, would lead to the opinion that it must have been anterior to the reign of Constantine the Great. The walls which are ten feet thick, are composed of alternate layers of cement and bricks, or rather thick tiles, of such enduring materials, that their surface is at this day perfectly smooth and compact, and the walls themselves, though after the lapse of so many ages, exhibit not a single crack or fissure.

At the further extremity of a wide space of ground in the front of the cidevant Electoral palace, but outside the present circuit of the town, is a wide spread and confused heap of ruins, called the Roman Baths. They were formerly more than half buried in the earth, but have of late years, by order of the Prussian government, been cleared out to nearly the foundations.

Of this edifice there still remain some lofty arched entrances, vaulted passages, large and small chambers, reservoirs and aqueducts, or what would appear to have been such. A learned antiquarian, professor Steenienger, has published a treatise to prove that these are the remains of a Roman theatre, and not of a bathing establishment.

To the south and east of these Roman baths or theatre at the entrance of the valley of Olewig, are the remains of the amphitheatre, sufficient to convey a tolerable notion of the form and extent of these places of amusement, so dear to the Romans, whither they flocked so eagerly to see their fellow men torn to pieces by wild beasts, or devoted gladiators massacring each other. The amphitheatre, made to contain several thousand spectators, was built entirely of cut stone, and enclosed within a wall, a portion of which is still standing towards the South. The date of the construction of this amphitheatre is not accurately known, but we find in the history of Constantine the Great, that in the years 306, and 313, he entertained the people with combats, between the prisoners he had taken from the Franks, or by having them torn to pieces by wild beasts.

Opposite the amphitheatre, upon the plateau of the height of St. Croix, stood the great circus, where public games, and particularly horse and chariot races, took place, mention of which is made by Saint

Augustin in his confessions, Book 8th. Some portions of old walls are the only traces that now remain of this circus.

The Roman bridge that once crossed the Moselle, was destroyed in 1689, during the war that Louis the XIV. waged against the empire, and all the remains of it now visible are five abutments, or piers, which are composed of huge blocks of basaltic stones, each from six to nine feet long, three wide, and three high, superposed one upon another, without cement, but made fast by bars of iron, in the same manner as the enormous blocks of which the *Porta Nigra* is built.

Besides these remnants of antiquity, there is within the town in the *Dieterichs Strasse*, near the Hotel called the *Rothe Hause* an ancient tower or propugnaculum, in a very good state of preservation, and in the market place is a column of granite, surmounted by a cross, which was erected to commemorate the apparition of a fiery cross in the sky, seen, according to popular tradition, in the year 958.

After having devoted a day to the Roman antiquities of Treves, the traveller will find sufficient employment for his second day's sojourn, in an inspection of the principal churches and other objects of interest in the city.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Helena, is a vast irregular building in the earliest gothic style, partly formed of the palace of the Empress Helena,

mother of Constantine the Great, who changed her residence into a church, and made it the depository of our Saviour's coat, without seams. This relic, if it still exist, is no longer shewn to the public. To enquiries made respecting it, the sacristan, or person who shews the church, answers that it is walled up. Four of the enormous granite pillars of the Corinthian order that belonged to the original Roman building, still exists in the church, but the capitals alone are to be seen, the remainder being imbedded in the masonry of the nave. The fragment of a fifth pillar lies outside the church portal, and may serve to give an idea of the colossal proportions of the colonade, which was composed of nine of these pillars. It is seven feet in diameter, and when entire was fifty feet high. The two crypts under the church are worth visiting, being in excellent preservation. The marble pulpit, with its elaborate sculpture, though much defaced by the vandal hands of the French, deserves notice, as also some monuments of the Electors of Treves. The seats of the choir being curiously inlaid with ivory and ebony, merit a passing glance.

Close to the cathedral, and connected with it by a vaulted passage, is the small but very beautiful church of *Notre Dame*, or the *Liebfraunkirche*, built partly in the pointed gothic, and partly in the Byzantine style of architecture. The outward form is a rotunde, but the interior, like all gothic churches, takes the

shape of a cross. The bold and at the same time graceful proportions of the columns that form the nave and support the roof, are particularly remarkable. Upon these twelve columns are painted the figures, as large as life, of the twelve apostles, all of which can be seen simultaneously, only from a particular spot marked by a black marble flagging, near the front door.

Amongst the most remarkable of the tombs, are those of an archbishop, Jacques de Sierch, and a count de Metternich. There is also in the church, a valuable painting, said to be by Guido, representing the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. The semicircular portal, richly ornamented with sculpture, should not be passed without notice. The building of this very elegant edifice was begun in the year 1227, and finished in 1243.

From the top of a very lofty tower, belonging to the church of St. Geangoulf, in the principal market place, an extensive and splendid view of the city, and surrounding country, may be enjoyed.

The traveller should not neglect visiting the handsome church of St. Pauline, situated in the suburb of the same name. This church was built on the spot where, in the year 386, Thyrsus, commander of the Theban Legion, the consul Palmatius, several senators of Treves, and a number of the inhabitants, suffered martyrdom, sooner than sacrifice to the heathen gods,

by order of Rictius Varus, prefect of the Gauls. Their sufferings, triumphs, and reception in heaven, are represented on the roof of the church, by the vigorous pencil of Scheffner. In the vaults of the church, are religiously preserved the bones of the victims, as also those of St. Paulin bishop, which had been brought from Phrygia, whither he had been exiled by the emperor Constantine.

In former times there were in and near Treves twenty seven convents, for both sexes, four of which were renowned all over Germany, for their magnitude and wealthy possessions. Of the latter no traces remain, and even the original buildings have been destroyed, and are now replaced by modern ones, not of a religious character. The little that remains of the monastery of St. Matthias, is now occupied by a school. The church of this convent is still visited annually by a great number of pilgrims and devout persons. The convent of St. Maximin, once the wealthiest Benedictine foundation in Germany, built on the site of a palace of Constantine, is now used as a barrack. A china manufactory now flourishes within the precincts of the once splendid abbey of St. Martin, on the Moselle, while an artillery depot is established within the walls of St. Mary of the four Martyrs, built upon the spot where stood the residence of the Roman prefect.

Treves possesses an extensive public library of

nearly 100,000 volumes, amongst which are some very curious and valuable manuscripts, illuminated missals, and early specimens of typography. Amongst them is the famous *Codex Aureus* a manuscript copy of the four Gospels, written in golden letters. It was presented by Ada, sister of Charlemagne, to the monastery of St. Maximin. It is bound in silver gilt plates, flourished over with figures in high relief, and studded with precious stones. In the centre of one of the covers is a fine cameo, representing, it is said, the Emperor Augustus and his family. Another remarkable manuscript is that of the Archbishop Egbert's copy of the Gospels. Amongst the valuable printed books is a copy of Gottenberg's first edition of the Bible. In the same building as the library, are to be seen a number of Roman antiquities, the principal portion of which was found in and about Treves, and also a numerous collection of ancient coins and medals of various countries.

CHAPTER III.

The traveller having satisfied his curiosity with regard to all of Roman or Gothic objects of interest that Treves inherits, will embark on the steamer at six o'clock in the morning to descend the Moselle. The scene of beauty through which he is about to

pass commences at the very outset of the voyage, as the little village of Pallien, the first that presents itself on the left bank of the river, is nestled most picturesquely at the foot of an enormous rock at the entrance of a deep valley, the further end of which is indented by a narrow ravine or fissure, down which falls a little stream, that after rain assumes the dignity of a cascade and gives something of a Swiss character to the landscape. Farther down, on the same side of the river, is the small town of Phalzel (1300 inhabitants) charmingly situated in the plain of Treves, about a league from that city. Here are still to be seen some traces of a summer palace of Constantine and the ruined fortifications of a castle, the favourite residence of the warlike Archbishop Albert, which he built about the year 1133.

Further down on the right stands the large village of Rouvre, at the foot of a mountain that shuts in on that side the valley of Treves, while to the left it still stretches out for nearly a league, till terminated by a belt of woods, over whose waving masses of verdure shoot up the tall chimneys of the extensive iron works, called the *Quindt*. On the heights above Rouvre, stands a remarkably lofty tower, and in the valley upon which it looks down are still to be traced the remains of a Roman aqueduct.

It is after passing Schweich, a beautifully situated little town on the left bank of the river, that the

scenery of the Moselle assumes a bolder, more imposing, romantic, and feudal character. The mountains on both sides of its course, not only rise to a much greater height, but are more varied and wild in their outlines, and more rugged and precipitous on the sides next the river, to which they at times approach so close as to compel it by their abrupt and capricious sinuosities, to take the most bizarre and unexpected turnings and windings, so as to give it in many places the appearance of a succession of lakes lying amidst and reflecting the loveliest and most diversified landscapes. The slopes of the enclosing hills, even to the summits are planted, wherever the nature of the surface will permit, with vines, unless where the aspect is not favourable to that species of culture, and such spaces are covered with trees, or laid out in vegetable gardens, while the narrow valleys or glens, that open into the country from the river, present a rich succession of corn fields, orchards, and luxuriant meadows, interspersed with gay or romantic looking towns, or villages, each with its gothic church and graceful spire, and generally overlooked from some towering crag by the ruins of a feudal castle or knight-robber-hold.

As it would be equally useless as uninteresting to give the names of every village or obscure town, we shall mention only those which are peculiarly remarkable either from their position or connection with the



feudal era or the Roman domination. Below Schweich is the ancient village of Riol (Rigodulum), finely situated at some distance from the right bank of the river: near it are the ruins of a fortress, called Rigolsbourg, and some remaining vestiges of a Roman road, running in the direction of the forest of Fell. Before arriving at Newmagen the handsome village on the left bank is *Trittenheim*, the birth place of the Abbe John de Trittenheim, a celebrated cabalistical writer of the fifteenth century. Newmagen (Noviomagus) a very ancient burg, now containing a population of 1400 inhabitants, occupies an advantageous and well sheltered position, it was celebrated even in the time of the Romans for the mildness and salubrity of its climate, and is mentioned by Ausonius in his poem on the Moselle. It was a place of some importance as an outwork against the barbarians, and was traversed by the Roman road, from Treves to Mayence. Upon a height above it, are still visible some vestiges of a summer palace and fortress, built by Constantine, as also the ruins of a castle of the middle ages. Several statues, basreliefs, inscriptions, sarcophagi and other antique remains have been found near these ruins.

The next place of any note is the flourishing town of Pispport (*Pisonis Porta*), on the left bank, the vineyards about which furnish some of the finest qualities of the Moselle wines. The soil about here and lower

down the river is particularly favourable to the culture of the grape, being a rich mould that retains the heat of the sun, without becoming too rapidly dry. Much is to be attributed also to the many favourable aspects offered by the slopes fronting the South, and sheltered by their position from the influence of cold winds.

From Pisport to Berncastel, between which there are a number of populous and thriving burghs and villages, among which Braunberg is renowned for the excellence of its wines, the Moselle, very contrary to its wont, pursues something like a direct line. Before arriving at Berncastel, the traveller comes upon one of the most attractive, if not imposing prospects on the river, at Mulheim, an extensive burgh, built in the form of an amphitheatre, at the entrance of a charming little valley, divided by a clear and rapid stream, surrounded by picturesque groups of rocks, gracefully undulating hills covered with vineyards, and mountains, waving with forest trees to their summits, while at the far extremity of the valley are two beautifully situated villages, and the extensive and hoary ruins of an ancient fortress.

Berncastel (*Beroniscastellum*) lower down on the right bank, is an old irregular, dirty but bustling town, containing upwards of 2000 inhabitants. As seen from the river it looks attractive, being built at the foot of a lofty hill, one of the Hundsruck ridge (mountains of the Huns) on a jutting point of which

immediately over the town, frown the ruins of a feudal fortress. It will serve to convey an idea of the extraordinary windings of the river in this part of its course, to state, that from Berncastel, by a road over the hills, it is only an hour's walk to Trarbach, whilst by a row boat, and going with the stream, it will take five hours to reach the same destination.

Opposite Berncastel, on the left bank, are the village and Hospital of Cus. The latter was founded by the celebrated Nicholas Cusanus, the son of a poor fisherman, who in the fifteenth century attained by his talents, erudition, and energetic character, the rank of Cardinal. He endowed this hospital with sufficient funds to support perpetually, besides ecclesiastics and servitors, a number of poor persons of good character, equal to the years our Saviour lived. Of these thirty three inmates, six were to be of the clerical order, six from the nobles, and the remaining twenty-one from the lower classes. Attached to the hospital is a small gothic chapel.

Further down, on the left bank of the river, and below Graach, a large and handsome village, stands the once celebrated Priory of Martinshorf, now a farming establishment. Between this and the town of Trarbach, the river, for the length of five leagues, turns and winds in the most capricious and extraordinary manner, amidst an endless profusion of the most varied, striking, picturesque, and romantic scenes.

This beauty crowned region is rich besides in numerous and productive vineyards, some of the wines, furnished by which, rank highest amongst the Moselle growths. Of these, one of the most esteemed is that called Zeltenger, from the vineyards about the pretty little town of Zeltenger, where, if the traveller wishes to stop, he will be enabled to judge of the excellence of that wine, at Brenning's inn, the proprietor of which has a cellar of capital Zeltenger.

The slopes of the hills that here enclose the Moselle, and the picturesque valleys and gorges that branch off from it are thickly studded with small towns and villages, among the most beautifully situated of which are on the right bank, Rachtig, Erden, Lesenich, Kandel, Wolf; and upon the left Wehlen, Urtzig, Kenheim, Croeve; Berbach and Traben. A little below the village of Urtzig, may be seen in the side of a lofty red coloured scarp cliff, the half walled up mouth of a cavern, in former days the strong-hold of a band of robber Knights, and in later times the retreat of a hermit. It was accessible only by means of a succession of ladders.

Traben, occupying a charming site opposite Trarbach, is built at the foot of a lofty eminence, crowned by the vast ruins of Montroyal. The extensive fortifications of Montroyal, including a double redoubt and three forts, were erected by order of Louis XIV., under the directions of the celebrated Vauban, but

ten years after the completion, they were demolished in virtue of an article of the treaty of Riswick.

Near the village of Wolf, on the top of a mountain, stand the imposing ruins of the once famous convent of Wolf. These ruins are not lost sight of for a long time, but seem almost to follow the traveller's progress, as, after leaving them a considerable distance behind, he again finds himself near them, the river turning the flank, and flowing for a lengthened space on the other side, of the mountain upon which they are situated. The river lingers and loiters so much in this part of its course, that it seems as if loth to quit a scene of such exquisite and ever varying beauty.

Trarbach, on the right bank is the station at which the steamer, in ascending the Moselle from Coblenz, stops for the night. The name is said to be a corruption of *Thronus Bacchi*, but whether this be so, or only a plausible conjecture, still remains to be decided, or at least disputed by antiquaries.

The principal inn is the *Goldenen Krone* (Golden Crown) but the accommodations are very indifferent. This small but ancient town of 1400 inhabitants, is beautifully situated at the entrance of a rich and cultivated valley, that opens from the river; but its dark tortuous, narrow, and dirty streets, formed of old fashioned, and time stained houses, with heavy overhanging gables, that seem leaning upon each other

from decrepitude, deter the traveller from any stay in or minute inspection of it. On the precipitous side of one of the high hills that command the valley in which it lies, are the ruins of the castle of Grafenburg, in former times one of the strongest fortresses between Treves and Coblenz. It was the family residence of the noble counts of Sponheim and was built in the fourteenth century, (1331) with an Archbishop's ransom. A long and deadly feud had existed between the archbishops of Treves, and the counts of Sponheim, when, in 1325, the death of Count Henry, held out to the reigning Archbishop Baldwin, the prospect of enriching himself at the expense of his widow; taking advantage therefore of her unprotected position, he made inroads into her domain, plundering her subjects, and laying waste her lands. The Countess Loretta, however, was gifted with a manly spirit, and was not a person to submit tamely to such insults, and injury; so calling together her vassals, she boldly expelled the intruder with loss and disgrace, equally to the surprise and indignation of Baldwin, who had little expected such opposition from a female. The very same year as the bishop was quietly and unsuspectingly sailing down the Moselle to Coblenz, with a small retinue, his barge was suddenly arrested near the foot of castle Starkenburg, by a chain stretched across the river below the surface; and before he had time to recover from his surprise, armed boats put off

from the shore, and he was led a prisoner into the castle of the Countess. She treated her persecutor with courtesy, but kept him fast within her walls, until he agreed to abandon a fort, which he had begun to build on her territory, and paid down a large ransom. In the church at Trarbach, there are some curious old tombs of the Counts of Sponheim.

Between Trarbach and Enkirch is the village of Starkenburg, seated in a commanding position on the summit of a high hill. Near it, stood formerly a strongly fortified castle, belonging to the Counts of Sponheim. The gothic church appertaining to it, is still standing, but scarcely any traces of the castle are visible. In the neighbourhood of Enkirch, lie, half buried in the soil, fragments of pillars, and other remains of what is supposed to have been a Roman Temple. The inhabitants of this village and the surrounding district, remained in a state of slavery, or serfdom, so late as the year 1579, when they were enfranchised by the Marquis Philip, and John I. Count de *Deux Ponts*. Before that period the atrocious principle prevailed there, that the very air communicated slavery, so that, any stranger who sojourned there a year, became *ipso facto* serf to the feudal lord, unless he were claimed as the tenant or serf of another lordly owner.

On nearing the village of Punderich, on the right bank, the traveller catches a view on the left of the

vast ruins of the convent of Marienburg, perched upon the ridge of a horse-shoe shaped mountain, that impends over the river. The prospect that offers itself from this, or any of the neighbouring heights, is one of the most wondrously varied, striking, and beautiful that can be seen upon the Moselle, or any other river. The Moselle, for the space of several leagues, follows such a fantastically sinuous line, turning, and returning upon itself, circling mountains and doubling promontories, that, seen from an eminence, it loses its character of a river, and appears to be a collection or series of lakes, embosomed within undulating and vine clad hills, that seem to have been thrown in the way of its course, by the very hand of caprice, upon the slopes of which or in the intervening valleys are spread in profusion cheerful looking towns, and picturesque villages, while upon every commanding point or jutting peak start up the ruins of feudal castles, that give an antique and romantic colouring to the glorious picture, to which a befitting frame is furnished, by a chain of loftier and more inland hills, or mountains waving to the summits with dark green forests. Certainly there is no single view upon the Rhine, comparable to this, for extent, variety and scenic beauty, of almost every description. The point from which this unparalleled panorama is seen to the greatest advantage is, Prinzens Kapfshen a few minutes walk from the village of Alf. The ruins of

Marienburg are not only, not lost sight of, for several hours of the journey, but the traveller, owing to the extraordinary windings of the river, approaches and reapproaches them several times. This convent of the order of St. Augustine, is of very ancient date, having been founded for the reception of females of noble birth in the year 1157.

Beyond the village of Alf, situated at the opening of a winding valley, are seen on a bold rocky point the ruins of the once formidable fortress of Arras, which was besieged in 1138, by the warlike bishop Adalbert, who had made a vow not to shave until he had taken it. After an obstinate resistance, on the part of the besieged, the prelate was enabled, with a quiet conscience, to enjoy the comfort of a shave. Further up the valley, on the banks of the Isbach, is a very extensive iron foundery, rivalling in the excellence of its machinery and other appurtenances the best conducted English iron works. A short distance beyond Alf, there exists a very singular echo.

The Moselle now flows for about a league in a somewhat strait direction, till it reaches Bremm, where lofty and rugged piles of dark coloured rocks close in upon both sides, throwing a wild and dreary shadow over the lake-like expanse, which the river here assumes. When in the midst of this gloomy expanse, the extremities seem so completely shut in as to leave apparently no issue whereby to escape from it. On



emerging from this sombre pass, the eye is at once delighted and refreshed, by the green and luxuriant meadows that slope down to the water's edge, in the midst of which stand a few remains or portion of a wall, with pointed windows, of the nunnery of Stau-ben. From the village of Eller, close to this, on the left bank, there is a road about four miles long over the hills to Cochem, while from the serpentine course of the river, the distance by water is treble that length.

Over the little village of Belstein, which lies at the foot of a rock, on the left bank of the river, stands, boldly prominent, one of the most remarkable ruined castles on the Moselle. Its square donjon-keep is still in tolerable preservation. It was the property of the Electors of Treves, but was held for them by their noble vassals the counts of Metternich and Winneburg.

The next important place on the left bank, that comes within sight, is Cochem, a very old town, now containing 2500 inhabitants. There are few more attractive pictures than that offered by Cochem, situated at the extremity of a basin formed by the Moselle, surrounded by picturesque groups of rocks, with the extensive ruins of two ancient castles, upon the heights in the back ground. The more distant of these was an imperial citadel, whose lofty towers and massive walls, still standing, sufficiently denote its

former strength, and importance. Towards the year 1060, it was the scene of a cruel domestic tragedy. The Count Palatine, Henry de Laach, surnamed the *Furibond*, who held it as a fief of the empire, slew, in one of his mad fits, his beautiful wife Matilda. His person was immediately secured, and transferred to the Abbey of Echternach, where he was confined until his death, which took place in 1061.

This town and castle were also celebrated for the heroic resistance the garrison offered to the French army, under Marshal Boufflers, in the time of Louis XIV. Though, at the head of 15,000 troops, and with a formidable battering train, it was not till after four separate assaults, and the loss by the besiegers of 2500 men, that the Marshal could effect an entrance. Even after which, the garrison and the citizens fought with the courage of despair, until overpowered by superior numbers. To the combat succeeded, during several days, the most atrocious scenes of massacre, brutal violence, and fiendish cruelty, and which were terminated only by the setting on fire of the castle, town, and village of Cond, on the opposite bank of the river. The Moselle was choked with dead bodies, and the neighbouring hills lighted up to their inmost recesses by the vast conflagration. It was in this state that Marshal Boufflers made a present, as he expressed himself, of the town of Cochem, to that arrogant and heartless despot, Louis XIV.



At the extremity of a wild valley, or gorge, traversed by the Endart, running up from Cochem, are seen, upon a pinnacle of a lofty rock, the picturesque ruins of the castle of Winneburg, the original family seat of the barons of Metternich, Winneburg, Belstein, of whom the present celebrated statesman Prince Metternich, chancellor of the Austrian Empire is the descendant, and principal representative. This castle was also sacked and dismantled by the French, under marshal Boufflers.

Between Cochem and the ancient village of Cloten, on the left bank, the river diminishes considerably in breadth, and rushes with a more rapid current between the rugged and abrupt groups of rocks, that almost overhang its bed. Beyond Cloten, on the left bank, the first village that presents itself is Pommern, charmingly situated at the entrance of a fertile valley. A short distance up this valley, rise upon the borders of a rivulet, the interesting ruins of the convent of Rosenthal, (the valley of roses) founded in 1170, for the reception of females of noble birth.

After passing a beautiful little island, the traveller comes in sight of the romantically situated burg of Treis, that lies on the right bank, at the extremity of a lake-like expansion of the river, partly encircled by an amphitheatre, of conical shaped hills, upon the summits of several of which are the ruins of feudal castles, the most remarkable among which, is known

under the name of Wildburg. Treis is further adorned by a very handsome modern church, finished in 1831, the spire of which 232 feet high, is particularly graceful. A Roman station must have existed near Treis, as in turning up the soil, portions of Roman tombs, arms and coins, are frequently discovered, and in the neighbouring forest, are still visible the traces of a Roman road.

Opposite Treis, on the left bank of the river, occupying one of the most picturesque and attractive positions on the Moselle, stands the antique village of Carden, surmounted by its three towered gothic church, a monument of the twelfth century. It still contains some traces of the old Roman fortifications, and portions of ruined edifices belonging to the same remote period. At the lower end of the town close upon the river, is a curious old castellated building with jutting turrets, and high peaked roof, of the origin or history of which, nothing certain seems to be known.

At about two miles distant from Muden, the next village, on the left bank, is situated the very remarkable castle of Elz, a perfect model, being still in excellent preservation, of the old feudal strongholds. This singular specimen of the architecture and internal arrangements of the chivalrous, or rather pillaging ages, is well worthy of a visit, if the traveller can spare time. The following accurate description of it we take from a previous tourist.

“The little stream of the Elz, remarkable for its excessive windings, and contortions, almost encircles the tall bold rock on which the castle stands. A low isthmus alone prevents it being an island, and over this a bridge is thrown, forming the only approach. The banks of the river are thickly grown over with trees and brushwood, and a second and rival castle, rising opposite to Schloss Elz, and within bow shot of it, contributes to the beauty of this romantic valley. The castle of Elz, is a singularly irregular building or group of buildings, each of a different period and fashion. Loopholed walls of solid masonry, are surmounted by wooden framework houses, and pointed gables, oriel windows alternating with projecting turrets, capped with roofs like extinguishers. The whole pile rises so abruptly from the edge of the precipice, that the rock on which it stands appears a pedestal, scarcely large enough to hold it. The path leading up to the main entrance, is cut in the rock, and so steep that a beast of burthen could approach it with difficulty, and the archway is so low that a tall man must stoop to enter. It is the cradle of one of the most ancient families in this part of Germany, and is an almost solitary example of a feudal residence, spared by fire, war, and time, and remaining in nearly the same condition that it was two or three centuries ago. It is, however, on the verge of decay, no longer inhabited by the family, but

abandoned to one or two servants, slates falling off the roofs, the floors creaking under the feet. The interior is a complete labyrinth of chambers, galleries, corkscrew-stairs, ascents and descents, scarcely a room has so few as four sides and corners. Many of the apartments are hung round with family portraits, sad daubs, valueless even to their descendants, and therefore left to their fate. In one room there are a few pieces of rusty armour, such as would have served to equip Don Quixote, and in the chapel are one or two morsels of painted glass. These relics and numerous fragments of old furniture, tapestry, &c., are only interesting as illustrating the mode of life of a generation which is past."

The ancient possessors of the castle of Elz, were a race of distinguished Knights, during the middle and immediately subsequent ages. Several of them gained renown as members of the Teutonic order, and of that of St. John, and one of the family, Jacques Eltz, filled the Electoral seat of Treves, from 1567 to 1581. But however meritorious in the field of battle, or of politics, they were it would appear, in their domestic manners not of the most urbane or amiable nature, as the following conditions of a treaty of family-alliances, which they found it necessary to enter into amongst themselves, in the year 1430, will sufficiently attest. The following are the articles:—"He amongst us, who during the continuance of this peace shall

kill his brother, or his child, (from which God preserve us) shall be compelled to quit the house immediately, and neither he nor his heir shall have any right to the castle of Eltz, until that crime be expiated. He amongst us who shall maim another, or his wife, or his brother, or his child, shall quit the house for ever. He among us who shall wound or stab another, shall be banished the house for one month, etc."

Between Muden and Brodenbach are seen, on the left bank, the village of Moselkern, at the opening of the lovely little valley of Eltz Bieschofs-ten, with its superb circular tower, and ruined chapel, on the summit of a rocky eminence, and Hatzenport, in the midst of a gay confusion of gardens, meadows, and orchards, with a charming little island fronting it.

Below Hatzenport, on the left bank, appear the imposing ruins of a seigneurial edifice, called Sternbourg or Templehof (Templar's farm). On the right bank near to the mouth of the little river Ehrenbach, stands Brodenbach, in front of a narrow, dark defile, that soon, however, expands into a beautiful and cultivated valley, closed in and sheltered at its other extremity by a lofty barrier of rocks, upon the summit of which, rest the considerable and in part well preserved remains of the castle of Ehrenburg, perhaps the most beautiful specimen of feudal architecture either on the Moselle or the Rhine.

Near to Alkin on the right bank, and connected with it by a series of bastions, stands upon a lofty hill, the extensive ruins of the fortress of Thuron, in former times one of the strongest places of war in the country, and whose two enormous crenelated towers seem still to keep in awe the surrounding territory. The building of this imposing mass of masonry, was begun in 1137, and finished in 1207. In 1246, Zorni, a Margravine Palatine, or to designate him more correctly, a noble and titled robber, the terror and devastator of the district, was besieged in it during two years by the united forces of the Archbishops of Treves and Cologne, whose troops drank the contents of 3000 butts of wine, before the garrison, forced by famine, surrendered. But the chief delinquent, Zorni, at the head of a few desperate followers, cut his way through the enemy and escaped. The Archbishop of Treves, to commemorate his victory, built a chapel to the virgin upon the top of a neighbouring mountain, called Bleidenberg.

The next large and handsome village occupying a romantic site on the left bank of the river, is Gondorf. At the embouchure of the little river that traverses it, stands the family castle of the Counts Vander Leyden, one of the noblest and most ancient races of the Moselle. Besides several generals in the imperial service, the family numbers among its members, three Electors of Treves and Cologne. The castle under-

went extensive repairs, but in conformity with its feudal character, in the year 1814. The present representative of the family, has since sold the Knightly cradle of his ancestors. At one end of the village is a large, irregular, strange looking edifice, flanked by a massive tower, supposed to have been built by the Knights-Templars, about the middle of the fourteenth century.

The approach to Cobern, on the left bank, is signalized by two ruined castles, that like gigantic sentinals, seem to keep watch and ward over the little town. Within the walls of Oberburg, or upper of these castles, is a little gothic chapel, dedicated to St. Mathias, well worthy of inspection. "St. Mathias' chapel is an elegant little structure in the form of a hexagon, supported within upon six clusters of columns, each formed of five detached marble pillars. The exact date of the building is unknown, but the style of the architecture is that of the first half of the thirteenth century, and its founders are supposed to have been Crusaders, who caused it to be erected on their return from the Holy Land. This may account for the somewhat Saracenic aspect of its interior. All the arches are rounded, except those which support the central tower, which are pointed and rather horseshoed. The lower windows are in shape like the ace of clubs. The effect of the interior is extremely light and graceful, and this chapel deserves to

be visited by all who interest themselves in architecture. It has recently been put in to complete repair by the eminent architect, Von Lassaulx.

On the right bank, and on a tongue of land made by a sharp turn of the river, is spread out the pretty village of Dievelich, long renowned for an excellent red wine, and remarkable in former times for the number of witches it harboured, who, according to the credulous notions of the age, repaired at certain intervals to the neighbouring heights, to hold their *Sabat* or merry meetings with demons and devils. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, twenty five unfortunate inhabitants of this village were accused of the crime of witchcraft, and tried before bishop Bensfield, a learned ecclesiastic, who had written on the subject of sorcery. They were condemned to be burnt, and the sentence was carried into execution.

The village of Ley, on the right bank, narrowly escaped destruction in the year 1830, for when the frost broke up, the accumulated ice from the Moselle, was forced in upon the village and covered it to the height of thirty feet. Many of the houses were completely destroyed, and the timber work of most of the others broken and displaced.

Here the scenery loses much of its striking and romantic character, as the hills have become lower, and recede more inland. Beyond Guls, recognizable



by the twin spires of its church, is seen, peering over the orchards, the church of Metternich. The last village on the right bank, before arriving at Coblenz, is Moselweis, which antiquarians conjecture to have been the *Vicus Ambatianus* of the Romans, where Agrippina gave birth to Caligula. Beyond Moselweis, are seen in the distance, the battlements of Fort Alexander, one of the great outworks of Coblenz.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE are few cities, the approach to which, offers a more interesting or striking aspect, than does that to Coblenz. The immense extent of its multiplied fortifications on both sides of the Rhine, and on the left bank of the Moselle; the advantageous and beautiful position it occupies, at the confluence of these two rivers, and the animation and bustle that pervade its quays, and principal streets, crowded as they always are in summer, by numerous hordes of travellers, all combine to produce upon the mind, a lively idea of its importance. Besides the internal works of defence of the town itself, it is guarded by three formidable external fortresses, viz.—the Emperor Francis's Fort, on the left bank of the Moselle, that commands the country in the direction of Cologne and Treves. The Forts Alexander and Constantine,

on the other side of the town, erected within the precincts of the convent, called the *Chartreuse*, protecting the road to Mayence, and the gigantic and almost "cloud cap" citadel of Ehrenbreitstein, on the other side of the Rhine, with its innumerable tiers of batteries, and its adjoining defensive works, on the neighbouring heights, that command the Rhine, and the road to Nassau. Within this almost unequalled extent of fortifications may be stationed 100,000 troops, which with the natural advantages of the positions, and the strength of the works, must render Coblenz an impregnable bulwark against any attempts of the French upon that part of the Prussian dominions.

With the exception of the church of St. Castor, an old convent of Jesuits, and some houses of ancient date, there are little remains of antiquity, to be seen in Coblenz. It was in the church of St. Castor, erected at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine, so early as the year 836, that the grandsons of Charlemagne, met to partition his wide dominions amongst them. One of the most remarkable tombs in this church is that of Cuno of Falkeinstein, Archbishop of Treves.

The traveller should not omit to read on a fountain in front of this church, the vaunting inscription commemorative of the French invasion of Russia, and the sarcastic answer, made a few months after to it, by

St. Priest, the commander of the Russian army, on his arrival in Coblenz, in pursuit of the retreating French. Amongst the old edifices in this street opposite the bridge over the Moselle, the most interesting is the castle of the Electors of Treves, erected in 1558. The Town Hall and the Stamm House (family house) of the Metternich family, where Prince Metternich, the present prime minister of Austria, was born. In the new part of the town there is another more modern palace of the Electors of Treves, which has been converted into a palace of justice where the criminal and other tribunals hold their sittings.

Beautiful and striking as the view of Coblenz, and its surrounding scenery is, it yet has, we think, been over-praised, for there are other and obscurer towns, on the Rhine, that greatly surpass it in beauty variety of scenery, and romantic character. Imposing as is the aspect of the wide spread fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein on their stupendous pedestal of rocks, yet the uniformity of their white faced walls and modern bastions, bristling with 400 pieces of cannon, throws a chilling and unpicturesque air over a scene, that otherwise should call up only tranquil and pleasing associations. The ancient and present state of Ehrenbreitstein is thus rapidly sketched by a former tourist.

“This fortress, originally a Roman Castrum, was

during the middle ages, the refuge and strong-hold of the Electors of Treves, who, in later times, occupied the *Palace* (now a barrack) at the foot of the rock, before the erection of their more princely residence on the opposite side of the Rhine. It was in vain besieged by the French, in the seventeenth century, under Marshal Boufflers, notwithstanding the celebrated Vauban directed the works against it, and although Louis XIV. repaired hither in person in order to be the eye witness of its surrender ; but it fell into their hands in 1799, after a siege in which the garrison were reduced to such extremities from want of food, that a cat was sold for 1½ florins, and horse flesh rose to 36 kreutzers per lb. It was blown up by the French when they evacuated it, after the peace of Luneville.

“ Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter’d wall
 Black with the miner’s blast, upon her hight
 Yet shews of what she was when shell and ball
 Rebounding idly on her strength did light,
 A tower of victory ! from whence the flight
 Of baffled foes was watch’d along the plain,
 But peace destroy’d what war could never blight,
 And laid those proud roofs bare to summer’s rain—
 On which the iron shower for years had pour’d in vain.”

BYRON.

It is now no longer a ruin. Since 1814 the Prussians have spared no pains or cost in restoring it and adding new works, which have been only recently

brought to a conclusion, and it is considered to be stronger than ever. Prussia, devoted to the reconstruction of this fortress, her share of the contribution which France was compelled to pay the Allies after the war; but more than four times that sum has probably been expended on it by the Prussian Government. The entire cost of the works on both sides of the Rhine at Coblenz, is estimated to have exceeded five millions of dollars. It is capable of holding a garrison of 14,000 men, in peace there are only 500. The magazines are large enough to contain provisions for 8,000 men for ten years.

The fortress is defended by about 400 pieces of cannon. The escarped rocks or steep slopes on three sides would bid defiance to almost any assault; its weak point is on the west. Here, however, art has done its utmost to repair a natural defect, and three lines of defences present themselves one within another, which would require to be taken in succession by the enemy before he could gain an entrance in this direction. The great platform on the top of the rock serving as a parade, covers vast arched cisterns, capable of holding a supply of water for three years, furnished by springs without the walls. There is, besides, a well, sunk 400 feet deep in the rock, communicating with the Rhine."

The traveller who can spare time for the excursion should visit, in the neighbourhood of Coblenz, the

following places : The Castle of Stolkenfels on the summit of a prominent rock on the left bank of the river ; the top of the Kuhkopf, the highest hill near Coblentz, from which there is a splendid view ; the lake of Laach ; the town of Neuweid, and the castle of Marksburg.

Shortly after quitting Coblentz, the banks of the Rhine assume all that variety of picturesque, wild, graceful, rugged, stupendous and romantic scenery, joined to a feudal and chivalric colouring given to it by the continually recurring ruins of ancient castles, that renders that river one of the most interesting in the universe. The first, and one of the most remarkable of these castles that the traveller meets on ascending the stream from Coblentz, is Stolkenfels, on the left bank. This imposing mass of masonry, built on the precipitous side of a cliff in the midst of a little amphitheatre of hills, with its donjon keep, crenelated walls and circular towers, was a few years ago, in a state of delapidation, but has since been repaired in a style according with its ancient character by order of the present king of Prussia, to whom, when crown prince, it was given by the town of Coblentz. The gift, as regards its pecuniary value, was not a very magnificent one, as it had been offered, but in vain, for sale at so low a price as £11 sterling.

A short distance from Coblentz, on the right bank, stands the two pretty towns of Neederlahnstein and

Oberlahnstein, one on each side of the river Lahn, which here flows into the Rhine. Close to the walls of the latter of these towns is seen a little chapel where the electors of a former day met to depose the imbecile and *faineant* Emperor Wenceslas.

Immediately behind the next town Braerbach, on the right bank, rises upon the peak of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the castle of Marksbourg, which forms an exception to all the other castles on the Rhine, as instead of being like them, in ruins, it is still in a state of entire preservation and offers a very interesting model of chivalrous or knight-robber's residence. Besides the long and gloomy corridors, cork-screw stair-cases, and dungeons sunk in the solid rock, there is still to be seen that other barbarous appurtenance of a strong-hold of the middle ages—the chamber of torture with the racks and other instruments of torment. The castle is now occupied by a small garrison of Nassau invalids.

The castle, seen above the village of Osterspays, on the right bank, is that of Liebeneck.

- The next place of any importance on the left bank is Boppard, a very old walled town, containing between three and four thousand inhabitants. This town owes its origin to the Romans, having been one of the stations chosen by Drusus, for the site of one of those castles that he erected along the Rhine to check the excursions of the barbarians. In the mid-

dle ages it was raised to the dignity of an imperial city, where several diets of the empire were held. Within its walls are two gothic churches, and beyond them an extensive pile of buildings, formerly the convent of Marienburg, now an establishment for the education of females.

A short distance above the village of Kamp, and close to the old convent of Bornhofen, are seen the two ruined castles of Sternberg and Leeberstein, called the brothers, occupying prominent and highly picturesque positions upon the two peaks of a towering cliff, the sides of which are hung with vineyards.

The next feudal ruin that comes into view, on the right bank, is that of the Castle of Thurmburg, called the *Mouse*, why so named, unless to distinguish it from another castle higher up the river, called the *Cat*, is not known. The Mouse is still in a tolerable sleek state, as it is one of the least injured or dilapidated castles on the Rhine, its walls and other masonry being still standing in their original entireness.

Immediately close to St. Goar, on the left bank, and on the heights above, are spread out over a vast area, the splendid and imposing ruins of the fortress of Rheinfells. The most ancient portion of this formidable strong-hold, was built by a Count Diether, of Ellenbogen. By means of it he awed all comers and goers upon the river, and levied a tribute, or duty,

upon all the merchandize and provisions that passed up and down the stream. But his exactions and those of other lordly and Knightly plunderers, becoming too oppressive, gave rise to a league of sixty German and Rhenish cities, whose united forces succeeded, after a more or less resistance, in taking, and dismantling, both the castle of Rheinfells, and many other Knight robber-holds, on the Rhine. The castle was encreased to its present vast extent, and its strength augmented by the additon of several bastions, and other works of defence, by one of the Landgraves, of Hesse. In 1692, it successfully resisted an attempt to take it by an army of 24,000 French, under Marshal Tallard, but in 1794, its garrison abandoned it in the most dastardly manner, without making even a shew of resistance, on the approach of the French revolutionary army, by which it was blown up, and reduced to its present ruinous state.

The traveller who could spare time should stop for a day or two, at the neat little town of St. Goar, which is in the midst of the most splendid and varied scenery, on the Rhine. Several of the neighbouring heights, command the most enchanting prospects, particularly that looking down upon the famous Lurlei. The part of the river called the *Lurlei*, is enclosed on its right bank by a colossal dark coloured wall of rock, rising almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, and throwing a deep, sinister shadow



upon the stream. A very remarkable echo exists here, which it is said, repeats the report of a pistol, or the sound of a bugle fifteen times. Opposite the cliff, called the Lurleiberg, foams a whirlpool, and a short distance above it, a rather perilous current is produced by a number of sunken rocks, close to an abrupt turn of the river. Several fatal accidents that have happened on this spot, either to solitary boatmen in their fragile skiffs, or to the navigators of the timber rafts, some of whom have been swept away by the violent rush of the water, have given rise to the popular superstition of the Lurlei being haunted by a skelpie, or malicious female sprite, who delights to lure the passing boatman by the charm of her voice, within the vortex of the whirlpool, where he is sure to perish.

Opposite St. Goar is the pretty village of St. Goarshausen, close to which, lies the very romantic spot, called the *Schweitzer Thal* (Swiss valley) a winding narrow, sloping and woody glen, through which tumbles over frequently recurring ledges of rocks, forming a series of cascades, the clear and sparkling stream of Föschbach. At the entrance of this valley, on a precipitous rock, are the interesting ruins of the *Castle of the Cat*. The ancient possessors of this castle, were the Counts of Katzenellenbogen, which, in German, means cat's elbow: hence most likely the odd name given to the castle.

Above the Lurlei, on the left bank, stands the old and very picturesque looking town of Oberwessel, which, though containing little more than 2000, inhabitants, presents an imposing aspect, with its walls thickly studded with turrets, its aspiring round tower and gothic edifices.

One of these latter, the *Liebfrauenkirche*, (Church of our Lady) situated outside the walls, is well worthy of inspection, being one of the most elegant and perfect specimens of the florid style of architecture to be found upon the Rhine. The whole building is full of the most charming details, and the altar-piece richly gilt and elaborately carved, exhibiting numerous effigies of Saints, Prophets, Martyrs, &c., is a complete gem in its way. In this church are also some curiously sculptured old tombs, of the early ancestors of the Schomberg family, a descendent of one of the branches of which, Marshal Schomberg, distinguished himself in the service of William III. of England, at the battle of the Boyne.

A little above Oberwessel, also on the left bank, are the rock-seated ruins of the Castle of Schomberg, of some of the former inmates of which, a strange tradition exists in the country. It is said that seven daughters of one of the Knights of Schomberg, who were equally renowned for the surpassing loveliness of their persons and the flinty hardness of their hearts, which drove to despair and an untimely end,

many of their numerous suitors, were, for their cruelty, transformed into seven rocks, which may still be seen in the middle of the river when the waters are low.

The next feudal ruin visible on the right bank, is that of Gutenfells, said to derive its name from a celebrated beauty called Guden, of whom Richard of Cornwall, brother to Henry III. of England, was enamoured.

It was from the town of Caub, close to this castle, that Blucher, at the head of the Prussian army, crossed the Rhine in 1814. As the troops attained the summits of the neighbouring heights, and came in view of the Rhine, a spontaneous and universal shout of triumph, burst from their lips. The only toll now on the Rhine, is exacted here by the Duke of Nassau. In the flourishing time of the Knights Robbers, there were no less than thirty two different exactions of this kind levied on all trades and travellers.

In the middle of the river, fronting Caub, stands a curiously shaped, gloomy, old, massive stone building, called *The Pfalz* supposed to have been originally erected to serve as a toll house, though, according to a prevalent tradition, it was a place of security, whither, during the turbulent times of the middle ages, the Princesses Palatine retired for their accouchements. Its dungeons which are below the level of the



river, prove that it was once a prison. The well within its walls is sunk considerably deeper than the bed of the Rhine.

The still uninjured walls of Bacharach, on the left bank, with their twelve towers, give this little town an almost formidable appearance. These towers have but three walls, the side next the town being open. In the river in front of the town, is a rock, generally under water, but which shews itself above the surface in dry weather. Its appearance on these occasions is considered to prognosticate an extraordinary good vintage. It was formerly called *Bacehiara*, the origin no doubt of Bacharach the name of the town. The wine from the neighbouring vineyards, has been renowned for ages for its excellence.

Behind Bacharach, on the top of a lofty hill, are the mouldering ruins of Stahleeh, once the residence of the Electors Palatine. Closer to the town is a beautiful fragment of the ruined church of St. Werner, which, before its destruction, offered an admirable specimen of the florid gothic architecture. The traveller cannot fail to admire, scanty as it is, the exquisitely graceful and tasteful portion of the work that remains. In the Lutheran church, he will find a very noble model of the round arched, or, as it is sometimes called, Byzantine style of architecture.

The next two ruins that come into view, are Nollingen castle, on the right bank, over the village of



Lorchausem, and Furstenberg castle, on the left bank that crowns the heights, over the village of Rheindiebach.

At the entrance of the beautiful little valley of the Visp, and in sight of the two last mentioned ruins stands Lorch, one of the oldest towns on the Rhine. Its church was erected as early as the ninth century.

The traveller now enters upon the Rheingau, the most celebrated wine district in the whole course of the Rhine, as the vineyards along the right bank produce the highest flavoured, and most generally esteemed qualities of the Rhenish wines. Before reaching Bingen, the first two ruined castles seen on the left bank are those of Heimberg, and Sonneck, the latter, with its turretted walls, presenting a very picturesque object. The next are the castles of Falkenberg, on a lofty peak of rock, and Reichenstein, and Rheinstein, which occupy a lower eminence, the three thus taken into view at once forming a very striking picture. Below them, close to the river, is the church of St. Clement, a fine example of the gothic, that has been recently put in a state of repair by order of one of the Prussian Princesses. Farther on, on the left bank, occupying a peculiarly romantic position, is the beautiful little castle of Vautsberg, or new Rheinstein. This elegant miniature fortress, or Knightly strong-hold, a perfect *bijou* in its way, has been recently put in a state of complete repair by



Prince Frederick of Prussia. Both in the external and internal repairs, the most scrupulous care has been taken to preserve the original character of the building, as it existed in the days of chivalry. The furniture brought thither, is either of the same date as the castle itself, or an exact imitation of the upholstery of the days of yore. Even the dim, if not religious, light of the old feudal residences, is there, as the windows are filled with old and richly stained glass. In one of the apartments is an interesting and well arranged collection of ancient armour, military weapons and warlike engines. The Rheinstein with all its quaint appurtenances, and old world reminiscences is open to the inspection of travellers, who are shewn round it by a servitor bearing the ancient and feudal title of *Schlossvoght*.

On the right bank, facing Rheinstein, stands the village of Assmanshausen, the vineyards about which, produce one of the best red wines on the Rhine. The following accurate description of the cultivation of the vine in this neighbourhood, we take from a former tourist.

“The hills behind and around the town, which produce it, are so very steep, that it is only by artificial means, often by planting the vines in baskets, that any soil can be retained round their roots. The vineyards are nothing more than a succession of terraces, or steps, extending from the top to the bottom

of the hills, some of which must be nearly 1000 feet high. In some places more than twenty terraces may be counted, rising one above the other. They are supported by walls of masonry, from five to ten feet high, and the breadth of some of the ledges on which the vines grow, is not more than thrice the height of the walls. To reach many of these narrow plots, the vine dressers, female as well as male, must scale the precipices, and hang as it were from the face of the rocks, while a great deal of the soil itself and every particle of manure must be carried up on their shoulders. This will give some idea of the labours, and expense of such cultivation, and of the great value of every inch of ground in these narrow strips to repay it."

CHAPTER V.

ON the same side of the river as Assmanshausen, but above it on the edge of an eminence, close to the forest of Neiderwald, rises the town of Rossel, from which one of the most splendid, varied, and enchanting views upon the entire course of the Rhine, may be had.

The passage of the river about this spot was formerly attended with great danger, from the extreme narrowness of the channel; the bed of the stream being for the most part blocked up by an oblique ledge of rock that traversed it. In former days some



attempts, but on a small scale, were made to widen it, but it was only within the last few years, that this work has been effectually accomplished, by order of the Prussian Government—the passage being enlarged in width from 20 to 210 feet, by blasting the sunken rocks at the bottom of the Rhine. A little obelisk has been raised in honour of this most useful work. Its pedestal is formed with some of the blasted stones from the river.

Near to this new navigable channel, are the ruins of the castle of Ehrenfels, on the right bank, and opposite, near the left bank, but surrounded by the waters of the river, rises a little square building called the *Mouse Tower*, remarkable for a popular tradition respecting a bishop Hatto, and an army of rats. This reverend personage was, it seems, a great forestaller in his day, and had, in a season of scarcity, collected all the grain of the country into his private granaries. When the famishing poor flocked about his palace, begging for food, he told them to repair to one of his barns and that they should be relieved from all their wants and an end put to their sufferings. When the barn was full of men, women, and children, he had the doors locked upon them, and the building then set fire to, saying, thus should be served the rats who consumed the corn. In punishment of this novel, and expeditious way of saving the poor from the pangs of hunger, an innumerable

army of rats invaded the episcopal granaries, ate up all his corn, and then proceeded to beleague the bishop's palace. Hatto fled in dismay, to his water encircled tower in the Rhine, the rats in full cry after him, and so eager in the chase, that they took the soil, swam the river, crept up the walls of the castle, entered by every opening they could find, and where there was none, made one, and finally came tumbling in, from all sides, upon the miserable Hatto, whose bones they picked clean, with the most surprising celerity, and completeness. A less marvellous account of this building, is that it was a toll house, erected by Bishop Steigfried, full 200 years after the death of the much calumniated Bishop Hatto, and that the term *Maus* was only a more ancient modification of the modern word *mouth*—toll or duty.

A short distance above the *Maus Tower*, the Nahe flows into the Rhine, through its left bank, and forms the boundary of the Prussian and Hesse-Darmstadt territories.

The stream now nears Bingen, a bustling and trading little town, of about 4000 inhabitants, occupying itself, a delightful position, and having in its immediate neighbourhood some of the most magnificent prospects and romantic spots, to be met with on the whole course of the river, but to see which, it will require the traveller, to make a stay of a day or two, at Bingen, where he may find good accommoda-

tions, either at the White Horse, or Post-Hotels.

Above the town is a ruin, called Klopp, supposed to be the remains of one of the castles built by the Roman General Drusus, in the year 13, B. C.

Amongst the admirable panoramic views of the surrounding scenery, the finest are those from the chapel of St. Roch, situated on the top of a hill above the town, and from another height, called Scharlachkop, from which are seen the course of the Nahe, winding through a lovely valley, the Hundsruck, and Donnerberg mountains in the distance, and the town and bridge of Bingen, in the foreground. But the most favourite point, from which to view the ever varying profusion of beautiful and romantic scenery, with which this part of the country abounds, is the Neiderwald, on the heights above Rudesheim, and Assmanshauser. Amongst other remains of the feudal times in Bingen, are the ruins of the castle of Bromserberg a huge, quadrangular building, with walls from eight to fourteen feet thick. Some care is now being taken to preserve it from further delapidation, and a few of the rooms have been fitted up and are now inhabited. At a short distance is another ancient castle, called the Bromserhof, the interior of which has been modernized and is now occupied.

Beyond Bingen, the Rhine spreads itself out to its greatest breadth, being nearly 2000 feet from bank to bank, whereas at Cologne, it is not more than 1300

feet wide. On the right bank; a not inconsiderable distance inland, stands, on the summit of a gently sloping eminence, a large, but in no wise attractive looking white house, surrounded by high walled vineyards. This is the château of Johannisberg, belonging to Prince Metternich, and which gives its name to one of the two (the other being Steinberg) most exquisite and costly of the Rhenish wines. Of this celebrated vineyard, and of the management of its produce a previous tourist gives the following account.

“The first owners of the vineyard of Johannisberg, were the monks, it was originally attached to the abbey and convent of St. John; afterwards secularised. In the beginning of the present century it belonged to the Prince of Orange, but before it had been in his possession three years, Napoleon made over the vineyard as a gift to Marshal Kellerman. At the close of the war, it again changed hands, and in 1816, was presented by the Emperor of Austria to Prince Metternich.

The best wine grows close under the castle, and indeed, partly over the cellars. The species of vine cultivated here, is the Riesling. The management of it, at all seasons, requires the most careful attention. The grapes are allowed to remain on the vines as long as they can hold together, and the vintage usually begins a fortnight later than any where else. The vine grower is not satisfied with ripeness, the

grape must verge to rottenness before it suits his purpose ; and although much is lost in quantity by this delay in gathering,, it is considered that the wine gains thereby in strength and body. So precious are the grapes, that those which fall are picked off the ground with a kind of fork made for the purpose.

The extent of the vineyard is about fifty five acres. Its produce amounts, in good years, to about 40 butts, (called stucks) each of $7\frac{1}{2}$ ohms, and has been valued at 80,000 florins."

Between Bingen and Biberich, close to Wiesbaden, the Rhine loses nearly all its picturesque, wild, romantic, and feudal character, the mountains receding towards the horizon, the heights on either side subsiding into knolls or disappearing altogether, leaving a wide expanse of champaign country, but presenting still a rich and smiling prospect from the numbers of towns and villages sprinkled over its well cultivated surface. On the left bank, on a rising ground facing the town of Eltville, is the obscure little village of Ingelheim, once the favourite residence of Charlemagne. Above the prettily situated town of Eltville, on the right bank, are the villages of Wallief and Schierstein, which form the boundary at that end of the famous vine district, called the Rheingau.

At Biberich, according to the route we have prescribed ourselves, it will be necessary for the traveller to quit the steamer and proceed to Wiesbaden, about



half an hour's drive. The summer palace of the Duke of Nassau, at Biberich, one of the handsomest modern buildings on the Rhine, deserves a short visit. Its exterior, which faces the river, is in a very ornate style of architecture, sculptured over with the Nassau arms and military trophies, and surmounted by several statues of white marble. The apartments are fitted up with no little splendour and elegance, and the extensive and tastefully laid out gardens, in the midst of which the palace stands, are accessible to the public.

The first view of Wiesbaden though it is the capital of the duchy of Nassau, the chief residence of the duke and the seat of government, has neither an imposing nor even interesting appearance. It is entirely of modern construction, formed for the most part of long, straight streets of uniform and light coloured houses, having, with but few exceptions, no pretensions to architectural beauty or elegance of design. It is however, from other circumstances and associations, a gay and attractive town. The population between ten and eleven thousand, is augmented by several thousand more, during the bathing season, from June to the end of September, of visitors of all ranks of the wealthier classes from every part of Europe.

To accommodate this large influx of strangers, every house, with but few exceptions, is either a hotel or a



lodging house. Amongst the principal of the former, are the Four Seasons, one of the largest and finest buildings in the town, where there is somewhat too much of pomp, bustle and confusion, and consequently high charges. The next, in point, of extent, is the Nassau Hotel, in the great square, after which come the Rose. The Post or Eagle, a comfortable and reasonable hotel, but those who prefer still less show and bustle, with more moderate charges, will not be disappointed, at the Holland Hotel, or *Cour de Hollande*, at the entrance of the town, from the Biberich road. The proprietor of this hotel is one of the most good humoured, attentive, and obliging hosts that it is possible to meet with in any country.

To see the chief object of curiosity at Wiesbaden, the famous Kockbrunnen, or boiling spring, in all its eclat, the traveller should repair thither at 6 o'clock in the morning, when he will find it besieged by a numerous and motley throng of all ranks, of the upper and middling classes, and of all European nations, all glass in hand, either trying to sip the scalding beverage, or walking about until it cools to a temperature permitting it to be drunk. The fountain itself boils up violently within a stone built enclosure, of some seven or eight feet diameter, its surface covered with innumerable bubbles, formed by carbonic acid gas, which on breaking give forth a hot, stifling steam, and deposit around them, a greasy film, or scum, that is

anything but inviting to the eye, but which is said to be the best test of the strength and sanative properties of the liquid. The water has certainly a very perceptible flavour of chicken broth, and might with the addition of a little salt, mace, and other condiments, be made to pass for a delicate specimen of that culinary concoction. On tasting it, one can scarcely help thinking what a treasure it would be to the proprietors of the London Coffee House, or Free Masons' Arms, if either had such a spring, snugly enclosed, and hid from prying eyes and sensitive noses, in the back premises of their establishments. What a sudden fall it would occasion in the price of poultry in the London markets. If the shade of Dr. Kitchener, ever "revisits the glimpses of the moon," and wanders, spoon in hand, round any earthly spring or fountain, it must certainly be by the Kockbrunner, that his gastronomic shade saunters and sips.

The other chief point of attraction at Wiesbaden, is the *Kursaal* or assembly rooms, a vast and elegantly fitted up establishment, containing within its walls a spacious dining hall, a splendid ball room, gambling rooms &c., while behind is a wide extent of flower gardens and ornamental pleasure grounds, open at all hours of the day, but most frequented after dinner. In the principal saloon of the *Kursaal*, a room of immense size, the ceiling supported by two rows of massive and magnificent marble columns and splen-

didly decorated, draped, and lighted with one large and several smaller lustres, are planted two roulette tables (unless on ball nights) and in the adjoining rooms are an equal number of *Rouge et Noir* tables.

From 11 o'clock in the morning till 1 o'clock, the dinner hour, and during the entire of the evening till eleven or twelve at night, these centres of temptation, are encircled by an eager crowd of various classes, and both sexes, all mute with attention to the chances and changes of the game, the silence being broken only by the monotonous and oft recurring cry of, *faites votre jeu Messieurs*, or *rouge gagne et la couleur perd*, uttered by the dealers, and the clink of the gold and silver coin, as it is raked in by the croupiers. A much more pleasing scene is that offered by the gardens of the Kursaal, where hundreds of well dressed and good humoured looking Germans, with a plentiful sprinkling of strangers from all parts of Europe, are either sauntering through the shady walks, or seated at little tables under the trees, taking coffee, ices, liqueurs, &c., or smoking; all which pastimes are carried on to the sound of an excellent band.

MAYENCE.

THE traveller having satisfied his curiosity with regard to Wiesbaden, his next excursion should be to Mayence, which city he may reach in about half an

hour, by the railroad, from Wiesbaden to Francfort. He should take his place only to Cassel, a fortified *Tête du pont* at one end of the bridge of boats, leading across the Rhine to Mayence.

The situation of this ancient and important city, seated on the left bank of the Rhine, and nearly opposite the confluence of that river with the Main, is very striking. Mayence is the chief town in the dominions of the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, but as it is one of the most important places belonging to the Germanic confederation, it is garrisoned by Austrian and Prussian troops, in nearly equal numbers, and amounting in this piping time of peace to about 3000.

The Cathedral of Mayence, a very ancient edifice, begun in the tenth century, is more distinguishable from its vastness, and the number of sculptured and highly ornamented tombs, and monuments of remarkable persons it contains, than for the beauty of its architecture, which is in the heavy, round arched gothic style. The number of these tombs in the body of the church, the chapter hall, and the cloisters, amounts to no less than forty three. Amongst the most interesting of these is the tomb of Fastrada, queen of Charlemagne, near to a handsomely sculptured doorway, leading into the cloisters. And that of the Minnesinger or Minstrel Frauenlob (Praise the Ladies) a name given to him in consequence of his poetical

effusions, being almost exclusively employed in lauding the charms and virtues of the fair sex. He was a canon of Mayence, his real name being Heinrech Von Meissen. As a mark of the respect he was held in by his female fellow citizens, and of their grief at his death, his bier was supported to the grave by eight ladies, who mingled their tears with the libations of wine that were poured over his coffin. The Monument is of red stone, with his portrait cut in *bas relief* affixed to the walls of the cloisters.

Two other interesting ancient edifices, are the palace of the Electors (now used as a warehouse) and the *Deutsche Haus* (Teutonic House) both situated on the quay fronting the bridge of boats. The Teutonic house is now occupied by the Governor of the fortress, and was the residence of Napoleon during his stay at Mayence.

The chief remnant of Roman antiquities in Mayence, is the Tower of Drusus, which stands within the citadel. By some antiquarians it is supposed to have been erected over the body of Drusus. It requires an order from one of the military authorities to be admitted into the citadel.

In the open space fronting the theatre is a bronze statue, modelled by the celebrated sculptor, Thorwaldsen, of Gutenberg, a native of Mayence, the inventor of moveable types. Subscriptions to defray

the cost of this monument were received from all parts of Europe.

The town library contains some curious volumes of the earliest specimens of the art of printing, and in the Museum is an interesting collection of Roman antiquities, which have been found in the neighbourhood of the city.

The traveller should on no account omit a visit to the public gardens, situated on a rising ground, outside the fortifications, and nearly opposite the confluence of the Main with the Rhine. From these tastefully laid out grounds, he will enjoy a good view of the city, and an extensive and varied prospect up and down the Rhine, and along both banks of the Main, in the direction of Francfort. Every Friday, in summer, one of the admirable bands belonging to either the Austrian or Prussian regiments of the garrison plays in these gardens, from four to six o'clock. On these occasions a wide tree shaded space in front of the orchestra, furnished with tables and benches, is filled with company, composed of the higher and middling classes, military officers, and strangers. Refreshments of various kinds, Rhenish wines, ices, &c., are served from a *café*, within the gardens and are in very universal and constant demand. This very delightful place of recreation, is often resorted to by the Archduke of Hesse Darmstadt and the male and female members of his family and court.

From Mayence, or rather Cassel, on the opposite bank of the river, the traveller is conveyed to Frankfort, by railroad, in less than an hour.

CHAPTER VI.

Frankfort, one of the most important and animated towns in Germany may well detain the traveller a couple of days. The extensive area of this town of nearly 50,000 inhabitants, is encircled by a wide and continuous belt of tastefully laid out and carefully kept gardens, occupying the site of the ancient ramparts, now the favourite promenade. Beyond this shady and flowery rampart, is an outer circle of macadamized road, crowded during the hours of promenading, with gay equipages, and beyond this are numberless suburban gardens and pretty cottages, while the remoter distance is studded with elegant country houses in the midst of ornamented pleasure grounds. The principal new streets of Frankfort are of a noble width and many of the recently erected mansions of the aristocracy and wealthy merchants, merit, from their vast proportions and style of architecture, the name of palaces. To all the eclat and freshness of the new town, the old portion presents a singular contrast, with its tortuous and dingy streets, old fashioned wooden fronted houses and protruding ga-

bles. The one of these streets that best deserves the attention of the traveller, is the *Judengasse*, or Jew's Street. The going into it is like stepping back on a sudden from the nineteenth century into the middle ages. This long, narrow, dark, sombre looking street, composed of lofty, sinister looking houses, that seem pressing close to and leaning upon each other, as if from fear, presents at all hours of the day, a melancholy and desolate aspect. No tramp of feet or sound of cheerful voices, disturbs its silence. But few pass through it, and those for the most part are possessors of the swarthy, strongly marked features, and dark, keen piercing eyes peculiar to the people of Israel. Each house, with its iron grated door opening upon a long, gloomy passage, hung with cobwebs, and bearing all the repulsive signs of neglect and uncleanness, as if it were the hiding place of some terrified and despairing outcast. The windows of the ground floor strongly barred with iron like those of a prison, and the shutters of those of the first stories, lined with thick plates of the same metal, bespeak the existence of wealth, amidst the affected appearance of penury. At the windows of the upper stories, may be seen from time to time, glancing furtively into the street, the Rebecca-like face of some young Jewish female, or the owl like countenance of some old Jewess. One hurries involuntarily through this dreary street, and feels as if relieved



from some vague impression of fear and gloom on quitting it. Odious and repulsive as would appear a residence in such a street, yet the "Mother of the Rothschilds" persists in occupying a house in the *Judengasse*, though she has been often entreated to remove only to another part of Frankfort, and live in a palace belonging to her son.

Amongst the other architectural curiosities of Frankfort, are the Cathedral, the Romer or Town House, and the palace of the Teutonic Knights, in the suburb of Sachsenhausen, now occupied as a barrack. The cathedral, in which the Emperors of Germany used to be crowned, has nothing of architectural beauty to recommend it, and but few monuments, the one of which the most deserving of attention, is that of Rudolph of Sachsenhausen.

In the Romer, the vaulted ground story, of which is a furniture mart, are shewn the rooms in which the principal ceremony attending the election of an Emperor took place. The apartments in which the coronation banquet was served, is of irregular form, without the slightest claim to elegance or splendour; and yet, there the once powerful emperors of Germany were feasted, and waited upon, by Kings and Princes. The walls are painted in compartments, each bearing the figure of an emperor most vilely daubed. The series is complete, beginning with Conrad I., and finishing with Francis II., the last emperor, whose

effigy, rather strange to say, exactly completes the number of compartments, into which the walls had been originally divided.

Frankfort has the honor of being the birth place of Goethe, the house in which he was born, stands in the Hirsch-Graben, and is marked F. No. 74. Over the door are the family arms, one of the quarterings of which exhibits the very appropriate emblem of three Lyres.

Frankfort possesses several charitable institutions, amongst which may be particularised—the general Hospital (*l'Hospital du St. Esprit*). The Lunatic asylum—The Hospital for Epileptics—The Orphan House, and The House of Refuge, &c. There are also several excellent establishments for popular education.

Amongst the institutions connected with literature, science, and the fine arts, the principal are:—the public library, containing between 50 and 60 thousand volumes of printed books, and some interesting manuscripts. Amongst the relics or curiosities are shewn a pair of Luther's shoes, and his portrait.

The Staede Institution, for the encouragement of the fine arts, founded by a wealthy merchant of that name, is situated in the new Mayence street, and contains besides lecture rooms, schools of painting, drawing and engraving, a collection of pictures, chiefly of the German and Flemish masters, with two

or three very remarkable works of living German painters.

But the most interesting object of modern art in Frankfort, is the beautiful statue in marble of Carrara, of Ariadne, seated on a panther, by Dannecker, a sculptor of first rate genius, a native of Wurtemberg. This very admirable work, is the chief ornament of the collection of Mr. Bethman, and may be seen daily from 10 to 1 o'Clock, at his residence, close to the Freidburg gate.

Frankfort being the seat of the German Diet, the meetings of that body are held in the *ci-devant* Palace of the prince of Thurn Eschenheim, the present residence of the Austrian ambassador.

About half an hour's walk from the town, beyond the Freidburg gate, is the new and vast cemetery of Frankfort, situated upon a rising ground, that commands a wide spread, and very interesting prospect, with the city, and its blooming belt of gardens, in the near fore ground, and the undulating ridge of the Taunus hills, in the distance. This vast field of death is laid out and arranged with symmetry and elegance; most of the graves are shaded by cypresses. "Those only constant mourners over the dead," whilst around others are thick borders of geraniums, and other flowers. Some of the monuments are remarkable for elegance and originality of design. In a vault under the arcades, at the upper end of the cemetery, belong-

ing to the Bethman family, are some admirably executed *bas reliefs* by Thorwalsden. The Jews, burial ground, also a remarkable one, is separated from the grand cemetery only by a wall.

The great fairs of Frankfort, held twice a week in the spring, and three weeks before Michaelmas, which were formerly so attractive, from the variety of costumes of the merchants, from the most distant points of Europe, and from parts of Asia, have been greatly shorn of their glories. The only changes now visible during the time of the fair, are greater crowds in the streets, particularly about the quays, where long lines of wooden booths are erected for the display of the more ordinary kinds of merchandise, and greater bustle and confusion in the inns. The strangeness of costume, and manners of the inhabitants of remote countries are no longer visible.

There is a very agreeable place of recreation at Frankfort, called the *Main Lust*, a garden extending from the quays down to the river's bank, resorted to in the summer evenings, and particularly on Sundays, by crowds of the middling and many of the higher classes of society. Viands and refreshments, of every kind, are furnished from a good tavern within the gardens, and are served either in large and handsome saloons, or in the bowers and arbours along the Main. This spot presents, particularly on Sunday and holiday evenings, a true German scene of enjoyment—eating,



drinking, smoking, and good humoured conversation, all carried on to the sound of an excellent band of music.

To all travellers, however short or long their stay may be in Frankfort, we should recommend a visit to the establishment of Mr. Jugel, bookseller, opposite the principal guard house at the end of the *Zeil*. Besides a very complete collection of books in various languages, including Guides, Hand Books, Maps, &c., they will find the proprietor a very intelligent and complaisant person, ready to afford them any service within his power.

By quitting Frankfort at 8 o'clock in the morning, by the railroad, the traveller will find himself at Weisbaden, in time for the Schnell post, that leaves about 10 o'clock for Schwalbach, about 12 or 14 miles distant. For nearly three quarters of the way from Wiesbaden, the road ascends a succession of hills, covered with oak forests, through the distant glades of which, groups of deer are from time to time, seen bounding. From the spot where the road attains its highest point, a magnificent prospect opens on the view, extending for many and many a league, over hills thickly clothed with woods, picturesque and cultivated valleys, with a long sweep of the Rhine, in its upward and downward course; its green and tree shaded islands, apparently, floating at anchor, in its flood, and its banks animated with gay looking towns and villages, and in the far distance, the spires and

battlements of Mayence. From this spot there is a continual descent to Schwalbach.

The handsome, well built, and clean little town of Schwalbach, lies closely sheltered at one extremity of a long, narrow, winding valley, with a thick screen of oak forest at its back, while in its front two lines of carefully kept gravel walks, follow the windings of the valley, and branch off in various directions, up the hills and into the woods, for miles, having at convenient distances, wooden benches, and at the most interesting points of view, rustic tables for those who may be disposed to indulge in a pic nic, washed down with a draught of Rhenish. Besides the highly curative properties, in many cases, of the waters, the air is of the most pure, elastic, and invigorating quality; Schwalbach, lying about 1200 feet above the level of the sea. The springs, of which there are three, differing in strength, and in some slight degree, in ingredients, bubble up in a lovely, winding valley, sheltered on all sides by gently rising and gracefully shaped hills, covered to the tops with corn fields, fruit and forest trees.

Here, in this sequestered and beautiful spot, remote from turmoil and dissipation, the sole end and aim of every individual, high or low, great or humble, of note or no note, appears to be health—either to recover that which was lost, or to strengthen and increase that already possessed. With this laudable

motive, every one is on foot and abroad by six o'clock in the morning, when all the world of toppers, each with glass in hand, hasten to the springs, and drink, drink, drink the cold, chalybeate that bubbles up from the *Staal*, the *Wein*, or the Pauline brunnen. Then there is such a hurrying and scurrying, to warm the chilly draught along the gravel walks that follow the windings of the beautiful valley in which the springs lie, such a toiling up of hills, and tottering down declivities, and all this to the tunes of the newest German waltzes, played by a tolerably fair band, until the radical heat and exercise have mastered the ice-cold beverage, and enabled the dispersed drinkers, to return and make another attack, upon the nymphs, naiads, or nereids of the brunnens. This assault, though lively, is feeble in comparison to that made shortly after upon the creature comforts with which the breakfast tables of the various *hofs* are covered. But formidable as this scene of consumption may be, it sinks into insignificance compared with that exhibited at the *table d'hôte* at 1 o'clock, when the German appetites have been restored by a few hours, fast, and re-invigorated by further draughts of the chalybeate, and the use of the same as a bath. It is then that the admirable machinery of the German jaws is seen at full work, and the capacity of their stomachs displayed in all its plenitude, in a long continued series of demolition, destruction, mastic-

tion, and deglutition of solids and absorption of liquids that is most astounding. The discussion of the numerous, many flavoured and even heterogeneous materials of the dinner, from the soups to the last departing apple or pear of the dessert, is carried on with a fervour, and a constant, unwearied and uninterrupted assiduity that is perfectly marvellous. But though the Germans are great masters in this recreative art of *Leger de dent*, and in general carry it with a high and heavy hand over the masticators of the other countries of Europe, yet I have seen some of the true John Bull family, who on these occasions, either moved by the tonic effect of the *brunnens* or actuated by the patriotic and more praiseworthy motive of not allowing old England to be outdone in any thing, even in eating, by any other country, have done feats of mastication and deglutition, that would have made the most full stomached Germans turn pale with envy, if paleness or any shade approaching to it, were compatible with faces so glowing and rubicund from repletion.

It is especially at these dinners, that you witness the motley assemblage of visiters from most of the countries of Europe, and nearly of all ranks, except the poorest, all sitting down in good fellowship and good humour, without arrogance or an overweening air of superiority, or *morgue*, (that ugly blot in the English character,) on the part of the titled or the

wealthy, or presumption, or affectation, on the part of their less elevated or affluent neighbours. The whole scene, which in some other countries would be spoiled by pride or constraint, being harmonised by the unaffected simplicity of manner of the higher classes, and that spirit of sociality and contentedness with their own position, so remarkable in the middle classes of the Germans. They respect rank, without paying it servile adulation, or feeling themselves abashed or humbled in its presence, or being moved to envy by its superior advantages. It certainly does strike one at first as something like an anomaly, to see Russian princes and princesses, the proprietors of boundless tracts of country, and of thousands of serfs, or a German serene highness, with a genealogy running back to the flood, sitting down side by side, with a modest university professor, or a burly Frankfort tradesman, to a one and fourpenny dinner, which is the price of the best *table d'hôte* at Schwalbach. On beholding Sir W. I., possessor of a clear income of £40,000 a year, contentedly consuming a sixteen penny repast, it was impossible to help exclaiming:—"Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder?"

An hour or two after dinner, when the heat of the sun has lost something of its fierceness, a troop of donkeys is brought into requisition, and excursions made to some of the most remarkable sites or roman-

tically situated ruins of feudal castles, more or less distant from Schwalbach. The most attractive of these excursions, is that to Schlangenbad, another very charming watering place, about four miles distant, a donkey road to which, leads, for the most part, through the forest. The first glimpse of Schlangenbad, which is not caught till you are actually looking down upon the roofs of its houses, is of so secluded, so tranquil, so picturesque, nay romantic a character, that you are almost tempted to set up your enduring rest there, and bid adieu to the tumultuous and wearisome world beyond it. The buildings composing Schlangenbad, several of them spacious, and well appointed hotels, are about twenty in number, all in a good style of architecture, and ranged around an irregular four sided space, in the midst of which is a blooming parterre of shrubs and flowers. Behind the principal hotels are extensive pleasure grounds, tastefully laid out gardens, with bowers, shady walks, and sculptured and sparkling fountains. The group of habitations, which look as fresh, as if they followed the same regime as the visitors, and took a dip in the far famed beauty-giving bath, every morning, lies completely in the bottom of a small deep, circular valley, which in shape, compactness, sheltered and cosey aspect, can be compared to nothing more fitly than a bird's nest, and to complete the comparison, to get out of the valley, as out of the



nest, it is necessary either to have wings, or like the unfledged nestlings, scramble up the woody and declivitous slopes that enclose it on every side.

From the top of one of the hills that shut it in, is had one of the finest and most extensive views of the Rhine, studded with numerous wooded islands, whilst immediately under the height upon which the spectator stands, is the Rheingau, or vineyard district, famous for the best Rhenish wines, sloping down in all its purple luxuriance to the very borders of the river, along whose banks, and scattered over the adjacent country, are numberless pleasant looking towns, villages, and hamlets.

But what is of a nature to render Schlangenbad more attractive, to the fair sex more particularly, than all these picturesque advantages, is the celebrated Serpent or Beauty-giving bath, the waters of which have superadded to the warmth of new milk, a softness of touch and a sliding silkiness of contact, soothing and flattering to the skin as would be a bath of melted velvet, if such a thing can be imagined, and the effect of which was so powerful on a Frenchman, that he declared, in a transport of delight, after coming out of the magic liquid, that he was fallen desperately in love with his own proper person; *amoureux de lui même*. But seriously and unpoetically speaking, a bath of this water, as far as the calming and agreeable effect it produces upon the mind and the

body is concerned, is superior to anything of the kind I ever before experienced. Nor is this effect confined to the feelings or imagination alone, for this water evidently possesses a highly abstergent quality, as after coming out of the bath, the skin is freed from all foreign substances, and feels smooth, soft, and polished as marble. That this water has still more valuable qualities, we have the authority of Hufeland, the most eminent physician of Germany, who considers it to be of singular efficacy in the treatment of nervous and pulmonary complaints. But even without looking upon the serpent-bath in this serious point of view, it may be confidently recommended to all those afflicted with rough outsides or corrugated skins, to scamper off as fast as steamers and Schnell waggons can convey them to Schlangenbad, where a few immersions in the skin-polishing and cuticle cajoling spring, will render them marvellously sleek and proper persons, and put them in infinite good humour, if not exactly in love with themselves, like the Frenchman, for the next hour or two after the dip. So great is the reputation of this water as a cosmetic, that many thousand bottles of it are exported every year, to Russia and other remotest points of Europe, to be employed in making still fairer, the fair faces and necks of the fair who use it.

Another very delightful excursion from Schwalbach, and which for those pressed for time may be accom-



plished in three or four hours, is that to the ruins of Hohenstein. There are two routes from Schwalbach to this very interesting spot, one by the high-road, which offers few attractions; the other, which should be pursued on foot, or on donkey-back, leads through the valley of the Arde, the entrance of which lies at the extremity of the long street of Schwalbach. Taking the clear and purling stream of the Arde for his guide, the traveller will be insensibly led on about four miles, beguiled by the beauty of this continually winding and ever picturesque valley, now narrowed to the dimensions of a gorge or ravine, by overhanging rocks, now spread out into luxuriant meadow grounds, sheltered by wooded heights. About two miles up this lovely vale, stands a strangely situated hamlet on a ledge of rocks to the right, and above it, on the summit of a conical hill, the ruins of the castle of Adolphseek, built it is said, by one of the former counts of Nassau, as a bower for his lady-love.

Few situations can be more bold, picturesque, and commanding than that of the ruined castle of Hohenstein, built as it is on the very edge of a towering and precipitous pile of dark rocks, that rises up from the centre of a circular valley, enclosed by wooded heights, and towards which converge seven other valleys or gorges, the openings of which are completely commanded by this once formidable stronghold. The view from the dismantled but still lofty battlements



of the castle, is full of variety, beauty and interest. Immediately under one side of the castle, as if cowering there for protection, lies, in an emerald green glen, watered by several gurgling rivulets, one half of the village of Hohenstein, inhabited by protestants, while its catholic moiety is spread out upon the slope and summit of one of the enclosing heights. The scene altogether is one of the most enchanting, it is well possible to imagine. The castle, which was built by the counts of Katzenellenbogen, was dismantled during the thirty years war. It is now a total ruin, with the exception of two rooms near the gateway, inhabited by an old soldier, who serves as cicerone, and provides the visitors with refreshments.

Another interesting excursion from Schwalbach, but which will require a day to be devoted to it, is that to the convent of Eberbach, about ten miles over the hills, and through a succession of oak forests. This ancient convent, founded in 1131, by Saint Bernard, the preacher of the Crusades, lies in a sheltered and cultivated valley, in the heart of the Rheingau, a short distance from the Rhine, and within two or three miles of the town of Eltville. The convent, with its wide extent of vineyards, some of the very best in the district, is now the property of the Duke of Nassau. The building has been converted into a prison and lunatic asylum, and in the extensive range of cellars underneath it, are kept the duke's immense



stock of wines, the produce of the neighbouring vineyards, some qualities of which fetch even a higher price than the best specimens of the famed Johannisberg, selling on the spot for 8, or 10, and 12 florins a bottle.

The walls of a curious gothic church, belonging to the convent, are covered with full length effigies in bas relief of ancient bishops, abbots, and abbesses. These, from being executed in a black greasy kind of stone, and from the quaint costumes and old German physiognomies, have a character that approaches somewhat the grotesque.

CHAPTER VII.

From Schwalbach, a Schnell post or diligence conveys the traveller in four or five hours to the fashionable watering place of Ems, the resort, in the season, of kings and keysars, and magnates of all European countries and titles. The road between these two towns goes through some of the most charming scenery in the Duchy, particularly in the neighbourhood of the very romantic town of Nassau, on the banks of the Lahn. There stands, in a highly picturesque situation the old castle of Nassau, the cradle of the illustrious families of Nassau and Orange. The castle was erected as far back as the year 1101. It would be difficult to point out a more attractive

picture than that presented by the neat little town of Nassau, its imposing old castle, the chain bridge thrown across the Lahn close to it, and the varied and beautiful scenery that surrounds it. From Nassau to Ems, the road, for most part runs alongside the river Lahn, which flows through an almost continued series of fine prospects.

Ems, which has neither the extent or bustle of a town, nor the quiet and seclusion of a village, is an assemblage of hotels and lodging houses of all dimensions and styles, many of the more recently erected amongst them, displaying a certain elegance of design, and approach to the ornamental, in pillared door-ways, gilded balconies, &c. They occupy for the most part, one side of a very long street, between a lofty ridge of cliffs and the right bank of the Lahn, and having a full southern aspect, they bask in the hottest rays of the sun, and in a temperature almost tropical. Ems affords but little shelter from the oppressive heats that prevail there during the middle of the day. To attain this shelter, or enjoy a cool and shady walk it is necessary to undergo a quarter of an hour's purgatory in crossing the little plain that stretches out from the left bank of the river, and climbing up the adjacent hills, for the heat and fatigue of which, however, the pedestrian is soon rewarded, by the grateful gloom of overspreading woods and the beautiful points of view which are to be found on every side.



Besides these fine prospects, and a visit to the springs, and the new kursaal, there is little else to detain the traveller at Ems. The two principal sources rise under the old, ducal chateau, now turned into a vast lodging house and bathing establishment. In a vaulted and pillar-supported, gloomy hall, on the ground floor of this edifice, the water, in two fountains, is dealt out to the numerous drinkers. The waters of both springs are warm, one being 23° and the other 37° of Reaumur. The price of each room (in number about 200) in this vast caravansera, is painted on the door, and varies from one florin (1s. 8d.) to six or eight florins. Travellers will find themselves, however, more comfortably lodged at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, or the Russian Hotel, where there are good *tables d'hôte* at one florin (1s. 8d.) a head, at which all classes of visitors, from the highest to the humblest, congregate. The new kursaal, or assembly and gaming rooms, is fitted up in a very gorgeous style, with rich damask draperies, velvet sofas, costly lustres, and a profusion of gilding and carving.

From Ems, there is a delightful drive or walk of a few hours, for the most part along the highly picturesque banks of the Lahn, to Coblenz. Thence the traveller descends in a few hours the Rhine to Cologne.

On the left bank of the Rhine, near to its junction with the Moselle, rises the monument of the young General Marceau, of the French revolutionary army,

who fell at the battle of Altenkirchen, the 21st Sep. 1796. Lord Byron has devoted two stanzas of his *Childe Harold* to his memory beginning—

“By Coblenz on a rise of gentle ground.” &c.

The first ruins seen further down on the same side of the river, near Kesselheim, are those of *Schonbornlust* formerly a palace, belonging to the Electors of Treves. A part of these ruins is still occupied as an inn, and was the residence, during the French revolution, of the emigrant Bourbon Princes. Near to Engen, a little village on the right bank, distinguished by an odd looking old fashioned chateau, are the remains of a Roman bridge, still perceptible in the bed of the river,. It was built 38 years before the Christian era.

Weissenthurm, the next little village on the left bank, is worthy of remark, as the spot where the French army, though opposed by the Austrians, crossed the Rhine, in 1797. On a rising ground behind the village, stands an obelisk, raised to the memory of General Hoche, who commanded the French on that occasion. Seventeen centuries earlier, the Roman army, under Cæsar, crossed the Rhine at this very same spot.

The two towns next seen on the opposite banks of the river, are one the oldest, and the other the most modern on the Rhine. That on the right, named Neuweid, dates no further back than the year 1737.

It was founded by a German prince, who invited settlers of all countries and religious persuasions, to settle there, on an understanding that they should enjoy the most perfect toleration and equality, with regard to their respective faiths. It is now a regular built, neat, busy, flourishing and manufacturing town, of nearly six thousand inhabitants, composed of catholics, protestants, hernhutens, jews, &c., who live and prosper in uninterrupted harmony. In the principal mansion or palace, as it is called, is a collection of Roman antiquities, the greater part of which were found in the buried city of Victoria, close to the village of Neiderbiber, about two miles to the North of Neuweid.

“The destruction of this Roman settlement, which from the antiquities preserved in it, may be considered as a sort of Northern Herculaneum, appears to have been occasioned by an attack of the barbarian Germans. The remains of burnt beams, and of shattered and levelled walls, attesting the fury of their ravages. The objects brought to light, comprise works in bronze and iron, armour, helmets, weapons, a ploughshare, locks and keys, tools of various trades, and a sacrificial knife, pottery, in great abundance, tiles, handmills, bones of deer, pigs, dogs, and a large quantity of oyster shells, proving that the garrison of a remote colony in the third century, sent all the way to the sea for the luxuries of the table. Many

tiles have been found stamped with the name and number of the legions quartered here. In a large collection of coins discovered here, none have come to light older than the time of Valentinian the elder, who died A. D. 375, a fact which serves to fix the date of the destruction of Victoria, with an approach to precision. It is much to be regretted that the remains of the city, from which all these curiosities were derived, should not have been permanently exposed: but owing to the value of the land for agricultural purposes, the excavations have been long since filled up, and few traces of Victoria are perceptible, since crops of corn and grass again wave above its scanty ruins."

There is a numerous society of Moravian brothers, 400 in number, established at Neuweid. They have an excellently conducted school for boys and girls, between the ages of ten and fifteen, at which several English children have been and are being educated.

The town of Andernach, on the left bank of the river, is one of the most ancient cities on the Rhine. Its massive ramparts still standing, together with its bastions, and low-browed arched portals, render it a very imposing object. It has still a population of upwards of 3000. The Roman name was *Antoniacum*, it is said to have been built on the site of one of Drusus' camps. Its cathedral or Dom, is easily distinguishable by its four towers, two of which are lofty

and elaborately decorated. It dates its origin from the twelfth century. The chief trade of this town is in mill-stones, great numbers of which, hewed from quarries in the neighbourhood, are sent not only to all parts of Europe, but to the East and West Indies, &c. This traffic is as old as the time of the Romans, amongst whom these mill-stones were in high repute.

The ruins crowning the summit of a dark coloured precipitous rock, on the right bank, below Andernach, are those of the ancient, baronial castle of Hammerstein. The next striking object that comes into view on the left bank, is the castle of Rheineck, near the village of Neiderbreisig, which has been repaired and fitted up in a costly manner, by professor Bethman Hollweg, of Bonn.

Beyond this, on the right bank, at some distance from the river, and behind the ancient village of Houninger, rise the towers of the castle of Argenfells, the old, family residence of the counts of Von der Ley.

Sinzag, a village seen on the left bank, about a mile from the river, is believed, according to a local tradition, to have been the spot, where a flaming cross was seen in the sky, by the Emperor Constantine, on his march from Britain to Rome, which presaged to him an approaching victory.

Lower down, on the right bank, lies the ancient and

once fortified town of Linz: only a portion of the walls is now standing, the river Ahr flows into the Rhine, opposite the town. Within view and on the same side of the river as Linz, are seen the mouldering and discoloured walls of the castle of Ockenfels.

Below Ockenfels, and on the same side, rise up, almost perpendicularly, from the river's brink, the black basaltic cliff, 700 feet high, called the *Erpeler Lei*. Unfitted as such an almost sheer precipitous position would appear for the exertion of labour, yet these cliffs have been converted into vineyards, by the daring industry of the peasants. The vines are planted in baskets, filled with earth, which are then fixed in the fissures of the rocks, without which precaution, the soil would be washed away from their roots, by heavy rains.

The town, opposite the *Erpeler Lei*, on the other bank of the river, is Remagen, containing 1500 inhabitants, built on the site of a Roman station, called, Rigomagum. Lower down, on the same side of the river, in front of the village of Unkel, is the hill called the Unkelstein, formed of basaltic columns, similar in shape and colour to those composing the Giant's Causeway. A part of these rocks, which encroached upon the bed of the river, and obstructed the passage of the great timber rafts, was blown up by the French. But even with this improvement, the river still rushes violently, and with an astounding noise, past the Unkelstein.



The traveller now comes within view of some of the most striking and celebrated scenery on this part of the Rhine. On the left bank, perched on a rocky and commanding eminence, stands the ivy-clothed ruins of Rolandseck. This ruin is invested with no little romantic interest by traditionary lore, according to which it was the retreat of Roland or Orlando, the famous nephew of Charlemagne, who chose it, because from its turrets he could descry the convent of Nonnenwerth, where a beautiful maiden who had been betrothed to him, had taken the veil. There, emulating the solitary and austere life of a hermit, and in daily contemplation of the walls that confined his beloved mistress, Roland passed many a long year. Schiller has taken this story as the subject of one of his most interesting ballads,—The Knight of Toggenburg—but has shifted the scene from the banks of the Rhine, to Switzerland.

Opposite the castle of Rolandseck, on a little island planted with trees, appears the once famous convent of Nonnenwerth, now occupied as a hotel. Those who can spare a few days to wander amidst the beautiful scenery to be found on every side of this favoured spot, could not choose a more agreeable halting place than the island of Nonnenwerth. Good accommodations, at moderate prices, capital fish dinners, the enjoyment of extensive gardens, that cover a great part of the island, with the magnificent scenery of the Drachen-

fels, and the Rolandseck continually within view, offer a combination of attractions, that the most hurried traveller will find it difficult to resist.

To the right, as you look down the river from Nonnenwerth, are seen piercing the clouds, the wild and imposing forms of the Siebengeberge or Seven Mountains, though in fact, their number exceeds seven. These are the loftiest mountains on the banks of the Rhine, varying in height from 1053 to 1473 feet. To their striking and sublime aspect, is added also a romantic character, by their summits being surmounted by some feudal ruin, dilapidated chapel, or mouldering hermit's cell. The one amongst the group which is generally viewed with the most interest, from its bold position and wild and fantastic shape, is the Drachenfels (Dragon Rock) which Lord Byron has celebrated in his *Childe Harold*, in the passage beginning with the line

“The Castled crag of Drachenfels” &c.

It was from quarries in the side of this mountain, that the stones were hewn to build the cathedral of Cologne. Those who have time to ascend its summit will be rewarded with a most varied and enchanting prospect. In the ascent the traveller will have pointed out to him the cave of the Dragon (whence the name of the mountain) destroyed, as tradition hath it, by the horned Siegfried, one of the heroes of the old German romances or fables. From the sum-

mit of the Drachenfels, the eye takes in the course of the Rhine, as far as Cologne, a distance of nearly twenty miles, whilst up the stream the view is bounded by the towering and picturesque rocks that shut in the river. The remainder of the splendid picture is filled in with the beautifully situated and many towered and spired town of Bonn, ruin-crowned heights, and numerous villages, hamlets and farm-steads, spread over the more level parts of the country.

Those who are not pressed for time, should halt for a day or two at Bonn, a handsome town of nearly 1300 inhabitants, on the left bank of the Rhine. Besides some interesting ruins, and picturesque sites, in the neighbourhood, there is the university to visit, which occupies an immense building, formerly the palace of the Electors of Cologne. This enormous pile has a front of nearly a quarter of a mile. The number of students is between eight and nine hundred. The university was founded by the late King of Prussia, in 1818. Amongst the most distinguished scholars who have filled its professors' chairs are, Neibuhr, the historian, now deceased, and one of the Schlegels. Besides the library, which contains 100,000 volumes, the university possesses a very extensive and interesting collection of Roman antiquities, found in the ruins of the Roman settlements on the banks of the Rhine, and in the adjacent parts of

the country. The university has also a very interesting museum of natural history, particularly as regards the minerals and fossils connected with the geology of the Rhine, and the volcanic deposits of the contiguous mountains. This museum is to be seen at the chateau of Popplesdorf, about half a mile from Bonn. The cathedral, with its five towers, presents an imposing external appearance, but is remarkably plain within. It contains a bronze statue of its founder, Helena, mother of Constantine. Its foundation dates from the year 320. The great composer, Beethoven, was a native of Bonn, the house in which he was born is in the Rhein Strass, No. 934. In the year 1703, Bonn surrendered to the Anglo-Dutch army, under Marlborough, after sustaining a seige that laid a considerable part of the town in ruins. The Star or *Der Stern*, is a good inn, with moderate charges.

At a little below Bonn, the Rhine loses all its picturesque and romantic character, the river flowing between low banks and a tame, unvaried country, and consequently offers nothing to interest the traveller till his arrival at Cologne.

CHAPTER VIII.

Cologne, the largest, richest and most important town on the Rhine, on the left bank of which it is situated, is a fortified city, containing 65,000 inhabitants. A

bridge of boats connects it with the suburb of Dentz, having a population of 3700 souls. A great impulse has been recently given to the prosperity of Cologne, by the downward course of the Rhine, to its mouth, being no longer impeded by the Dutch, so that the merchants of Cologne, can now carry on an unrestricted trade with foreign and distant countries.

“Cologne owes its existence to a camp pitched here by the Romans, under Marcus Agrippa, which was afterwards enlarged and rendered permanent by the removal (under Tiberius) of a native tribe, called the Ubii, from the right bank of the Rhine, an event mentioned by Tacitus (Ann L. 36.) and by their settlement on the left bank, at the spot now occupied by Cologne. This first city was called *Civitas Ubiorum*. More than eighty years after, Agrippina, mother of Nero, and wife of Claudius, who was herself born here, sent hither a colony of Roman Veterans, and gave to it her own name, calling it *Colonia Agrippina*. A part only of its ancient appellation is retained in the modern name of *Cologne*.”

The first object of the traveller's curiosity, will naturally be the far celebrated, though still unfinished cathedral of Cologne. This edifice, the building of which was begun in 1248, would, had the original design for it been completed, have been the most superb gothic structure in the world. According to this plan, it was intended that the two principal

towers should have been raised to a height of five hundred feet. The crane which served to raise the stones for its building, still remains on its roof and puzzles, not a little, new comers, as to its useful or ornamental qualities, some taking it for a new species of telegraph. The length of the body of the church is four hundred feet, and its breadth one hundred and sixty one. Of the only finished part of the edifice, the late Mr. Hope says:

“The choir is the only part finished; 180 feet high, and internally, from its height, size, and disposition of its pillars, arches, chapels, and beautifully coloured windows, resembling a splendid vision. Externally, its double range of stupendous flying buttresses, and intervening piers, bristling with a forest of purfled pinnacles, strike the beholder with awe and astonishment. If completed, this would have been at once the most regular and most stupendous gothic monument existing.”

Of the celebrated shrine of The Three Kings of Cologne, we borrow the following description from a former tourist:

“In a small chapel, immediately behind the high altar, is the celebrated Shrine of the Three Kings of Cologne, or Magi, who came from the East with presents for the infant Saviour. Their bones were obtained from Milan, by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, when he took that city by storm, and were pre-

sented by him to the then Bishop of Cologne, who had accompanied him on his warlike expedition. The case or coffin in which they are deposited, is of solid silver gilt, and curiously wrought, surrounded by small arcades, supported on inlaid pillars, and by figures of the Apostles and Prophets. The vast treasures which once decorated it, were sadly diminished at the time of the French revolution, when the shrine and its contents were transported for safety, by the Chapter to Arnsberg, in Westphalia. Many of the jewels were sold to maintain the persons who accompanied it, and have been replaced by paste or glass imitations ; but the precious stones, the gems, the cameos, and rich enamels which still remain, will give a fair notion of its riches and magnificence in its original state, while those among them, of Babylonish origin, visible here as at Aix, afford wide scope for curious enquiry.

The skulls of the three kngs, inscribed with their names : *Gaspar*, *Melchior*, *Balthasar*, written in rubies, are exhibited to view through an opening in the shrine, crowned with diadems (a ghastly contrast) which were of gold, and studded with real jewels, but are now only silver gilt. Among the antiques still remaining, are two of Leda, and Cupid and Psyche, highly beautiful, but singularly inappropriate to their present position. On the front of the shrine are these two monkish lines:—

*Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna magorum,
Ex his sublatum nihil est, alibive locatum.*

Those who show the tomb, assert that its treasures are still worth six millions of francs, (£240,000) This is an exaggeration no doubt.

This shrine is opened to the public gaze on Sundays and festivals; but those who desire to see it at other times, or to have a nearer or more minute view of it, must apply to the sacristan, and pay a fee of two dollars, which admits a party."

Within the church are several monuments of Archbishops of Cologne, Knights and Military Chiefs; under a slab, fixed in the pavement, between the high altar and the shrine of the Three Kings, is deposited the heart of Mary de Medicis, the body having been conveyed back to France. She died in a house, No. 10 Sternen Gasse, the same in which Rubens was born. In one of the side chapels, is a curious ancient painting, bearing the date of 1410, and said to be by Master Stephen of Cologne. It is a remarkable production for so early a stage of the art. It represents the patron saints of Cologne, including the Three Kings, St. Ursula, &c. Amongst other curiosities in the church, and which are not shewn without a fee, are several relics of saints, curious carvings in ivory, the sword of state, used at the coronation of the Emperors of Germany, &c.

The traveller should not omit visiting the church

of St. Peter to admire its famous altar-piece, the crucifixion of St. Peter, said to be the *chef d'œuvre* of Rubens, who painted it for the church in which he was baptized. Unless on Sundays and high festivals, only a wretched copy of this picture is visible ; to see the real one, a fee must be given to the sacristan. Those who can take any pleasure in a hideous display of mouldering human bones, will repair to the church of St. Ursula, in the walls of which are imbedded the bones of that saint and several of the eleven thousand virgins, her co-martyrs, whilst others are exhibited in glass cases, shrines, &c. A similar revolting sight is to be seen in the church of St. Gereon, one of the oldest and handsomest religious edifices in Cologne. There are displayed in a similar way, as in the church of St. Ursula, the bones of the Theban Legion, who were martyred during the persecution under Diocletian. There is a curious crypt paved in mosaic, under this church.

Amongst the oldest churches in Cologne, is *Santa Maria in Capitolio*, built upon the site of the Roman city. It is however only the successor of a still more ancient church, raised on the same spot in the year 700, by Plectudris, the wife of Pepin, whose tomb and effigy, rude specimens of early art, still exist, embedded in the wall outside the choir of the present edifice. Some curious ancient paintings are still dimly visible on the walls of the crypt.

The tomb of the celebrated Duns Scotus, is to be seen in the church of the *Minorites*. A horrible tradition is told of this astute logician. It is said, that having been buried while in a trance, on awaking, he burst from his coffin, but could not succeed in forcing his way out of the vault or making his cries for help to be heard. When the vault was next opened, his body was found on the steps near the entrance, with the flesh of the fingers of one hand eaten off.

The former church of the Dominicans, upon the site of which an artillery barrack is now erected, contained the tomb of Albertus Magnus, the alchemist and supposed magician.

The *Rathhaus* or town hall, offers a curious combination of the Gothic and Italian styles of architecture having been built at different periods.

Besides a collection of Roman antiquities, many of which were discovered in or near Cologne, the Museum contains a great number of curious old German paintings, with some pictures by modern artists, a few of which are well worthy of attention.

Of the far famed and generally used *Eau de Cologne*, there are no less than twenty four manufacturers in the city, many of whom endeavour to maintain that the individual, whose advertisement, you are then reading, is the sole and exclusive possessor of the secret of making the original and genuine *Eau*

de Cologne. However, public opinion seems to give the palm of superiority to Jean Maria Farina, the rightful heir of the first inventor, whose shop stands in the *Julichs Platz*, No. 23.

The following interesting sketch of the former state of Cologne has been given by a recent tourist:

“Cologne abounds in historical associations. The Romans have left traces of their possession of this city of the Ubii, not only in various fragments of edifices still remaining, as in the very perfect *Roman Tower*, originally part of the outer defences, though now far within the city and in the numerous altars, inscriptions, coins, &c., which come to light almost wherever the ground is turned up; but even in the features and complexions of its inhabitants who are said to betray their hereditary blood, and to differ considerably from their German neighbours. The inhabitants were so proud of their Roman origin, that up to the time of the French revolution, the higher citizens styled themselves patricians; the two burgomasters wore the consular toga, and were attended by lictors; while the town banners bore the pompous inscription, S. P. Q. C.

Agrippina, mother of Nero, was born here in the camp of her father, Germanicus; Trajan here received the summons to assume the imperial purple, Vitellius and Sylvanus were proclaimed Emperors of Rome on the spot, and the latter was murdered in the capitol.

At a later period, A.D. 508, Clovis was declared king of the Franks, at Cologne. During the middle ages, Cologne was the most flourishing city of Northern Europe, one of the chief emporiums of the Hanseatic League, concentrating all the trade of the East, and maintaining a direct and constant communication with Italy. From this connection, not only the productions, but also the arts of the East were at once transferred to the then remote West of Europe.

The architecture of many of the oldest churches is identical with that of Italy, and there is some similarity between the paintings of the early Italian, and Rhenish schools.

In 1259, Cologne obtained the staple right by which all vessels were compelled to unload here, and ship their cargoes in Cologne bottoms. After its period of prosperity and splendour, during which the city could send forth 30,000 fighting men, came the season of decay. Commerce took a new route across the continent of Europe, and Cologne fell under the listless and unimproving domination of the priesthood. The uncontrolled sway of bigotted, ecclesiastical rulers, on three occasions, marred its prosperity, and finally completed its downfall; the first imperious act of intolerance was the persecution and expulsion of the Jews in 1425; the second, the banishment of the weavers; and the third, the expatriation of the protestants in 1618. During this period the number of



churches and convents multiplied enormously. Cologne is said to have had as many steeples as there were days in the year; 2500 of its inhabitants were ecclesiastics; and as a natural consequence, more than twice that number were beggars, who subsisted principally on the monks. The French revolution nowhere created a greater change than here; the rich foundations were all plundered, the convents secularized, the churches stripped and converted into warehouses and stables.

It is said that there is still 55 churches here, besides a vast number applied to the profane purposes to which the French first turned them."

There are several large and splendid hotels at Cologne, but amongst the good and moderate ones may be recommended the *Cour de Cologne* and the *Cour d'Hollande*.

CHAPTER IX.

By the new line of railroad between Aix-la-chapelle and Cologne, opened in the beginning of the year 1842, the traveller is conveyed in about three hours, and at a cost of from four to five francs to Aix-la-chapelle.

The first rate inns here, are the *Grand Monargue*, the *Dragon d'Or*, *Hotel de la Rose*, second class, *Rheinischer Hof*, and *Thurmschen (Tourelle)* near the post and diligence offices.

The renown of the hot springs of Aix-la-chapelle, dates as far back as the Romans, amongst whom they were in high repute. Several remains of their baths have been and are still discovered in and about the town. But it is to Charlemagne chiefly that the city is indebted for its importance and associations. According to some authorities, this monarch was born there, but all agree in stating it to be the place where he died. It was named by him the second city of his dominions, and the capital of his possessions north of the Alps. In the middle ages it attained the rank of a free, imperial city, and was enriched by the establishment of extensive cloth manufactories, a branch of trade that still flourishes there at the present day. It has given its name to two celebrated treaties of peace, one in 1608, between France and Spain, and the other in 1748; when a general treaty of peace was entered into by the principal European powers. In 1818 a congress was held there, at which were present the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, and the Ambassadors from George IV. and Louis XVIII. to decide on the evacuation of France by the allied armies.

The chief object of curiosity to the traveller at Aix-la-chappelle is the cathedral or *Dom Kirche*. This interesting monument, with all that it inherits, of tombs, antiquities, imperial jewels, and saintly relics, has been so fully and accurately described by

a recent tourist, that we are tempted to borrow it for our traveller's guidance.

"The *Dom Kirche* (Cathedral) consists of two parts, erected at different times, in different styles. The *nave* or octagon, with round arches, stands on the spot where Charlemagne had erected (796—804) "the chapel," after which the city was named. He designed it to be a burial place for himself, causing it to be consecrated by Pope Leo III. with a ceremony worthy of its splendour. The original church was destroyed by the Normans, and rebuilt in its present form by the Emperor Otho III., in 983, no doubt partly in conformity with the ancient plan, and perhaps with the old materials; it is decidedly one of the oldest buildings in Germany.

"The position of the tomb in which once reposed the mortal remains of Charlemagne, is marked by a large slab of marble, under the centre of the dome, inscribed with the words, "*Carolo Magno*". A massive, brazen chandelier hangs above it, the gift of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. The vault below is now empty, having been opened by the Emperor Otho in 997. He found the body of Charlemagne, not reclining in his coffin, as is the usual fashion of the dead, but seated in his throne as one alive, clothed in the imperial robes, bearing the sceptre in his hand, and on his knees a copy of the Gospels. On his fleshless brow was the crown, the imperial mantle



covered his shoulders, the sword *Joyeuse* was by his side, and the pilgrim's pouch, which he had borne always while living, was still fastened to his girdle. All these venerable relics were removed, and used in the coronation ceremonies of succeeding Emperors of Germany. They are now deposited at Vienna. The *throne* in which the body of Charlemagne was seated, alone remains, it is placed in the gallery, running round the octagon, facing the choir. It is an arm chair, in shape, somewhat like that of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, but made of slabs of white marble, which, during the coronation were covered with plates of gold.

“The *Choir*, a more modern addition, begun in 1353, finished 1413, is of prodigious height (114 feet) and lightness, having the appearance of a stupendous lantern, all of glass. It contains a pulpit, covered with plates of silver gilt, richly ornamented with carvings in ivory, and precious stones. Mary Queen of Scots presented the image of the virgin over the altar, with a crown of gold, which is still preserved in the treasury. The Emperor Otho is buried beneath the high altar.

“The *Treasury* of the church is very rich in relics, some of which are considered so sacred that a priest must be summoned to display them. The other called the *Petites reliques*, are shown by the sacristan. Among them are several curiosities, not appertaining

to saints, such as the skull of Charlemagne, enclosed in a silver case, and his arm bone, both taken, it is said, from his grave, and the only fragments of his body remaining in the church, all the rest having been carried off as relics. Besides these, are the hunting horn of Charlemagne, formed of an elephant's tusk, also a locket of the Virgin's hair, and a piece of the true cross, two relics which he wore round his neck, in his grave, as well as alive. The leather girdle of Christ (on which may still be seen the impression of Charlemagne's seal) the cord which bound the rod which smote him, a nail of the cross, the sponge which was filled with vinegar ; the arm of Simeon, on which he bore the infant Jesus, some of the blood and bones of St. Stephen, some manna from the wilderness, and some bits of Aaron's rod, are still preserved here. It was upon these relics that the Emperor of Germany swore at his coronation.

The *Grandes Reliques* are publicly shown to the people only once in seven years, from the 15th to 27th of July. So sacred was the ceremony held and so high was the privilege esteemed of obtaining a glimpse of them, that in former times, no fewer than 150,000 pilgrims resorted to the spot, from all parts, on the occasion; and even so lately as 1832, the last anniversary, the number of pious visitors exceeded 43,000. These relics were presented to Charlemagne, by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and by Aaron King of Persia.

They are deposited in a rich shrine of silver gilt, the work of an artist of the ninth century, and consist of, 1. The robe worn by the Virgin at the nativity, it is of cotton, five feet long. 2. The swaddling clothes in which Jesus was wrapped; they are of cloth, as coarse as a sacking, of a yellow colour:—3. The cloth on which the head of John the Baptist was laid—4. The scarf worn by our Saviour at the crucifixion, bearing the stains of blood. Intermixed with these religious relics are many curious antique gems, some Babylonian cylinders and the like, which serve as jewels to ornament the saintly treasury. The fee for seeing all these wonders amounts to about ten shillings English.”

The principal rendezvous of the water drinkers at Aix-la-chapelle is the *Elisenbrunnen*, or fountain, of Eliza, within a handsome colonnaded building, where the visitors assemble early in the morning to drink the water, which, though brought by means of pipes from a distance, retain a temperature of 43° of Reaumur. As at the other German watering places the water bibbing and promenading are carried on here, to the sound of a good band of music.

Of the mineral springs of Aix-la-chapelle, which rise in the middle of the town, the strongest is that called *La source de l'Empereur*. It is more abundantly impregnated with sulphur, than any other known spring in Europe; its temperature is 143° Fahrenheit

—one of its ingredients is the very disagreeable one of sulphuretted hydrogen gas.

The heat of the water of some of these springs is so great, that the superflux not employed on the baths, but which is allowed to flow away, is used by the poorer classes for washing their linen, saving them not only the expense of fuel, but soap, as an alkaline salt that it contains, supplies the place of that detergent.

Aix-la-chapelle, like most other German watering places, has its *Kursaal*, or assembly rooms, containing a splendid suite of apartments, in which balls are given thrice a week during the season. There also the *rouge et noir* and *Roulette*-tables, hold out their temptation during a great part of the forenoon, and for several hours of the evening till 12 at night. The gaming tables are farmed by a company, one of the conditions of whose contract is to devote a portion of their gains to the improvement of the town.

The cloth manufactory at Aix-la-chapelle is still so important as to give employment to 3000 weavers, and 12000 other persons in the town and neighbourhood, in preparing the wool.

Aix-la-chapelle, with its population of nearly 40,000 inhabitants, has within view, and nearly at its gates, a young but thriving rival, in the little town of Burtscheid or Burcette, containing five thousand inhabitants. As the mineral springs here are equal,



and in one or two instances, superior in strength to those of Aix, and as lodging, living and other accommodations are provided on more moderate terms, numbers of visitors prefer a sojourn at Burcette, to one at Aix. There are some delightful walks about this little town, one of which leads to the ruins of the castle of Fraunkenberg.

A favourite walk in the fine evenings of summer, of the citizens and visitors of Aix, is to a hill called Louisberg, about half a mile distant. From this eminence there is a very noble prospect, taking in the city, the luxuriant valley spread around it, the gently rising hills covered with gardens, meadows, and pasturage, and terminated by a loftier range of hills, or rather the mountains, towards Germany. On the top of the Louisberg, is a large and commodious tavern, or junketting house, with extensive gardens, which offers the recreation of music, dancing, tea, coffee, wine and beer, drinking, smoking, &c., to the numerous groups of the middling and even higher classes, that flock thither from Aix-la-chapelle.

Railroad trains start several times every day from Aix-la-chapelle, for Liege, making the journey in four or five hours.

We have now come back to the point whence the traveller entered upon his triple course of beautiful river scenery, and we trust that he will acknowledge that we have not exaggerated its charms, nor disap-

pointed his expectations, however high they may have been raised. He has in the course of a few days, and at a trifling expense, secured to himself a source of never failing delight, in the recollection of some of the loveliest scenery in nature, and in the impressions made upon his mind by the numerous, and interesting specimens of gothic and Roman antiquities that have come under his observation.

If anxious to return home, he may from Liege reach London in twenty five, or thirty hours by railroad to Ostend, and steamer to the tower stairs. Should he still have a few days, and a few pounds to spare, he may well employ both in visiting Brussels, Malines, Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges, each of which visits will be still a step nearer to his home.

THE END.

hartics or astringents, the action of which is mostly but of a temporary and palliative nature, and is too often followed by an aggravation of the malady." (Sec. P. 95,96.)

There are few chalybeate springs on the continent more deserving the high repute they have received than those of Schwalbach. A long experience has made me intimately acquainted with the medical virtues of this place, and I venture to affirm that where chalybeate waters are necessary, there are few places where the patient can be better off than at this spa; the accommodations are excellent—the prices moderate, and the society good; there is every thing to relieve the mind from ennui, and amuse the patient.

Care, however, must be taken in administering these waters, that there exists nothing to contra-indicate their use, nor can I advise any one to take them, without previously consulting a physician well acquainted with their properties. And although I am in the habit of visiting this place twice and three times a week during the season, for the purpose of prescribing for my patients, yet there is my friend and confrere Mr. Lee, who also visits that place, and Dr. Fenner a German, who has been resident Physician there for many years, as also other practitioners, well calculated to give advice, as to the spring that should be taken, and the manner of taking the waters. The few notes I have written, are not intended as a

medical guide to these places, far from it, they are merely intended to give the general reader some little insight into the medical properties of the waters or springs in the towns through which the author of the first part of this work passed.

The powers of mineral waters are so great, and the necessity of attending to individual peculiarities, so urgent, in the selection of a proper spring, that no patient, be he professional or non-professional, should attempt to prescribe for himself, but take the advice of some physician well acquainted with the medical properties of the different spas.

My dear Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th instant and to say that I feel but too happy to comply with your wishes by furnishing you with the result of my observations upon Ems and its Mineral springs.

It would be needless, I presume, to go into any lengthened detail upon such subjects connected with this watering place, as are to be met with in every guide book wherein mention is made of the *brunnens* of Nassau. I shall therefore confine my remarks strictly to the springs, as therapeutic agents of the highest value, and to the *aspect* of the place, which is considered by certain authors, and more particularly by Dr. Granville, to be extremely disadvantageous.

The Springs of Ems are Saline and Alkaline, the three principal being the Kesselbrunner, the Kranchen,

The savour of those waters will be at once understood on perusal of the foregoing *Apperçu*. They partake, in short, of their leading components Carbonate of Soda, and Muriate of Soda, or common Salt, that is, their taste at first is slightly Saline, then Alkaline, and particularly soft to the palate. Dr. Granville describes their taste as being *at first gently sub-acid*, a flavour which I have never been able to detect for the obvious reason that the carbonate acid gas is in too small a quantity to overpower the two preceding characters. They are by no means unpleasant when taken warm at the springs, but when cold, are really an agreeable beverage.

The immediate effects of the Ems' waters, when taken internally, are a general excitement of the system varying in intensity according to the constitution of the individual and the nature of the disease. The action of the solids is awakened, the circulation of the fluids accelerated, and a movement of general reaction is experienced by the patient, which is so much the more valuable as it manifests itself in a slow and almost insensible manner. The secondary effects are necessarily extremely variable as they are in accordance with the changes operating in the disturbed functions.

The Ems' waters are contra-indicated in aneurisms of the heart and in sanguinous congestions of the brain and lungs, in which cases they are liable to produce

apoplexy or spitting of blood. They are likewise injurious in chronic inflammation, attended with febrile symptoms, as their effect would be to re-excite the diseased organs and determine an acute development of the latent inflammation.

There are cases, however, of chronic inflammation in which this return in an acute state is desirable, which the physician alone can appreciate and which consequently require his greatest attention; remarkable cases of this kind have been effected at Ems.

The Ems' waters are particularly useful in chronic diseases of the lungs, trachea and larynx; in disorders of the lymphatic systems, when the alterations of structure are in an incipient state; in chronic catarrh, or laxity of the mucous membranes, generally; in dyspepsia, gout, gravel, and in chronic diseases in general.

There is a remarkable property of the Ems' waters, not—as far as I have observed—mentioned by any author; namely of being capable of almost every kind of pharmaceutical modification, so as to become adapted to peculiar individual constitutions, and thus to serve as an admirable basis for the exhibition of remedies of an active nature. Could any better vehicle be found for the preparations of Jodine in lymphatic engorgements, particularly in delicate female constitutions, or in certain disorders of children, the precursors of Tabes.

	(H.) The Emperors. Grs.	(H.) Guirinus. Grs.	(L.) Rose Bath. Grs.	(L.) Cornelius. Grs.
Sulphuret of Sodium	0,61978	0,68629	0,57354	0,55864
Muriate of Soda	20,71572	20,19571	19,61456	19,25860
Carbonate of Soda	6,60956	6,48529	6,37793	6,29091
Sulphate of Soda	2,12083	2,06768	2,04081	2,04925
Phosphate of Soda	0,14246	0,14177	0,13332	0,13248
Animal Organic Substance	0,29384	0,28539	0,27917	0,19922
Silicate Oxide	0,53600	0,47109	0,46241	0,45972
Fluorate of Lime	0,47923	0,46610	0,46172	0,46103
Carbonate of Lime	0,23224	0,23056	0,22450	0,22418
Phosphate of Soda and Lithia			0,16804	
Carbonate of Magnesia				0,16435
Carbonate of Strontia. }				
Total grains	31,94511	31,10400	30,33600	29,79838
Temperature	Fahr. 135 $\frac{1}{2}$			
	117 $\frac{1}{2}$			
	115 $\frac{1}{2}$			

The quantity of gas is considerable, 100 cubic inches of those gases taken from the Emperor's springs, have been found to consist of Nitrogen Gas, $69\frac{1}{2}$. Carbonic Gas, 30. Sulphuretted Hydrogen Gas. — $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic.

THE SPRINGS OF BORCETTE.

The small town of Borcette is situated at about 400 yards to the south of Aix-la-chapelle; but the buildings of each are so rapidly encreasing, that in a few years there will be little, if any, distinctive mark between them.

Of the springs of Borcette, I shall only mention those which are now in use:—I. *Lower, or Sulphureous Water.* II. *Higher or Muriatic Alkaline Springs.*

The former are composed of the same substances as the Aix-la-chapelle springs, the only difference which exists between them, being in the relative quantity of each. The latter are void of sulphuret of sodium and hydrosulphuric gas, but contain instead a small quantity of oxygen gas, and a somewhat greater portion of sulphate of soda.

According to Monheim's analysis, 16 ounces of the mineral water from each of the several springs of the II. division contain:—

modious lodging houses. The woods, and lovely and picturesque ravines, of this neighbourhood, are approached in a few minutes, while the windows of every house with a northern aspect may at pleasure be sheltered by *persiennes*. *

RHENISH STEAM COMPANY (COLOGNE.)

The steamers of this Company run during the summer, between Cologne, Dusseldorf, Mentz, Strasbourg and Bale as follows:—

From Cologne to Mentz at 4 o'clock in the morning:

“ “ 7 “

“ Coblentz at 10 “

“ “ 6 o'clock in the evening.

From Coblentz to Manheim, Strasbourg and Bale,
6 o'clock in the morning.

From Coblentz to Mentz, 8 o'clock in the morning.

“ “ 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

From Wiesbaden, Bieberich to Manheim, Baden-Baden, Strasbourg, and Bale, twice every day.

Wiesbaden, Bieberich to Coblentz, Cologne, Dusseldorf, three times every day.

* This interesting notice on the Ems' Waters I owe also to the kindness of Dr. J. SWIFT of Wiesbaden, at whose request it was written by Dr. CUTLER, (I believe) Resident English Physician at Ems.

At Cologne the steamers correspond with those running between Cologne, Rotterdam, and London, also with those between Cologne, Amsterdam, and Hamburg, as well as with the railroads from Cologne to Antwerp and Ostend.

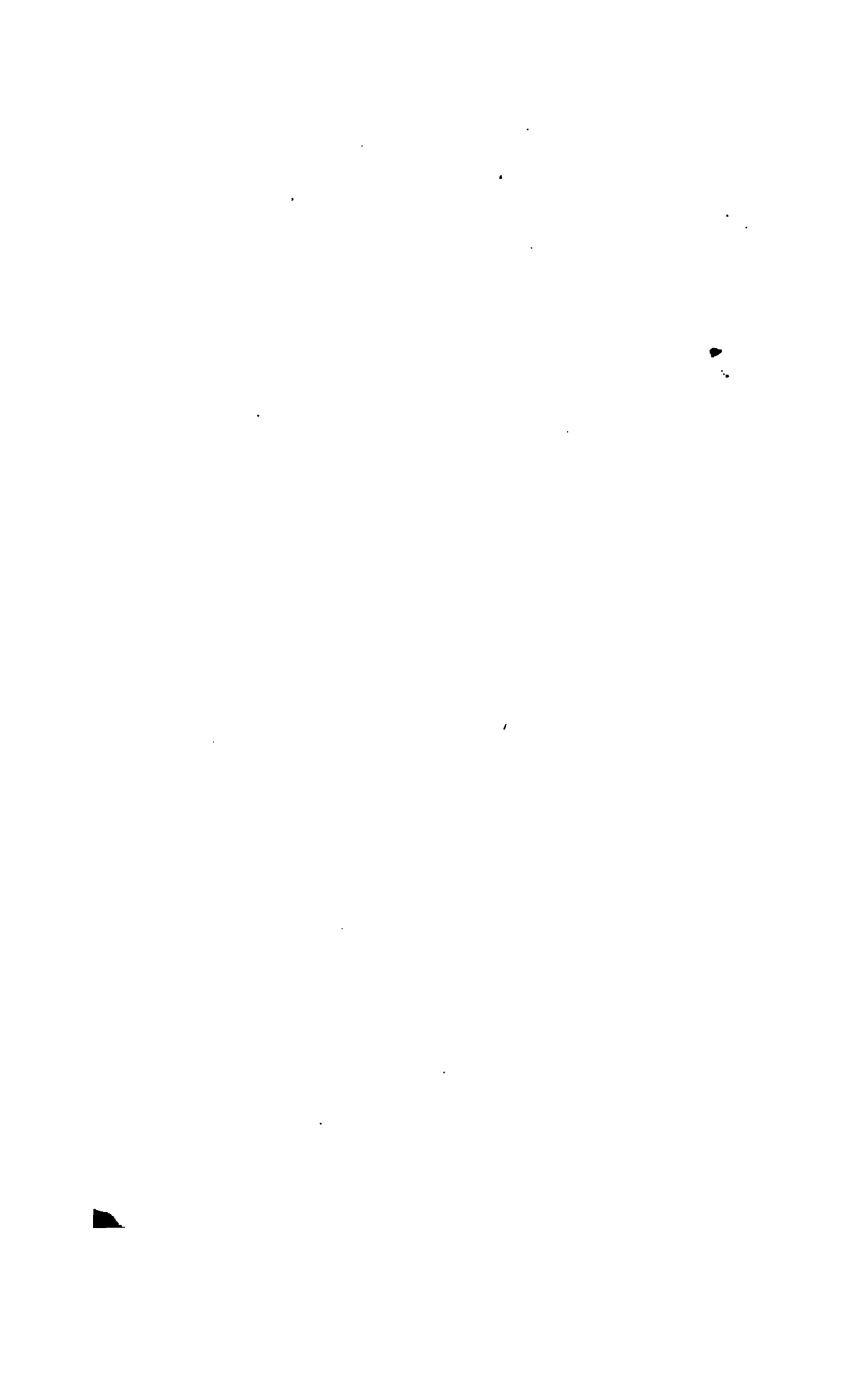
At Strasbourg the steamers correspond with the railroad to Bale, travellers taking their tickets at any office of this company direct to Bale, will be transported with their luggage free of all expense, and without examination either of their luggage or passport, which advantage can be only offered by the Cologne Company.

	£	s.	d.
From Cologne to Coblentz 1st. cabin	0	7	0
“ Biberich Wiesbaden	0	13	2
“ Mannheim . .	0	17	5
“ Baden Baden . .	1	6	5
“ Strasbourg . .	1	9	0
“ Cologne to Bale . .	2	0	2
From Weisbaden to Mannheim . .	0	5	0
“ Baden . . .	0	14	8
“ Strasbourg . .	0	17	5
“ Bale . . .	1	8	7

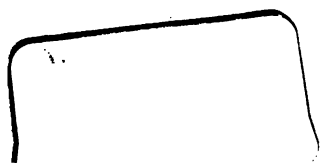
THE END.

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